JUNE 2, 1947

New Republic

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Advertisement

What price suppression of Communists?

Dear Friends of The New Republic:

This isn't the first time I have addressed an appeal to you to fight against suppression. *"Red-baiting isn't news."* We had it here in 1918-1920 under Attorney General Palmer and his aide—J. Edgar Hoover. Eugene V. Debs was in prison then, so were the I.W.W. leaders. Hundreds of immigrant workers were deported. James Larkin, C. E. Ruthenberg, and others were jailed in New York State. Governor Al Smith pardoned them and branded their trials as an infringement on political discussion. It was a "smear" to be an industrial unionist or Communist then, as it was to be a Christian in the time of Paul of Tarsus. But surely every liberal reader of this journal knows that truth is not killed nor are lies forever perpetuated by persecution, no matter how severe.

In 1920, as now, redbaiting was part of the drive against organized labor—for the open shop, for company unionism, against collective bargaining. Redbaiting is a smokescreen behind which the big interests plan to smash the labor movement and the democratic rights of all. This pattern is glaringly visible today in the Hartley Slave Bill, in the onslaught on Henry Wallace, in the un-American activities of the Rankin-Thomas Committee. But 1947 is not 1920. Labor is millions strong today. The plain people's movement is rising throughout the world. It will grow in our country too.

Communists the world over have earned their right to respect in valiant struggles against the Nazi foe. The American Communists fought during the past three decades for the needs of the unemployed; to organize the unorganized; for the democratic rights of the Negro people; for the Spanish people in their struggle against fascism. Thousands of Communists went to Spain. A large number laid down their lives there. 15,000 members of our Party fought in World War II. Not one was dishonorably discharged. Many died in battle. Many were decorated for heroism.

Every reader of this journal knows the pattern of facism, as it appeared elsewhere. *The big lie of Hitler was anti-Communism.* The suppression of the Communist Party was inevitably followed by outlawing of the labor unions, an onslaught on the Jewish people, a smashing of all democratic movements. Communists' rights are your inalienable rights. *"What price suppression of Communists?"* To outlaw the Communist Party, or to restrict its activities in any way, is to put in real jeopardy your own precious rights to—independent political action. Whether you agree with us, as Communists, or not, we do urge you to fight for your own rights, by fighting for ours. Remember what happened to liberals under fascism.

Through the fog of radio and newspaper attacks, the Communist Party demands a hearing from the American people. We are *not* advocates of force and violence; we are *not* out to overthrow the American government. We do stand for what we believe to be the best interests of the American people —for peace, for economic security, for the full democratic rights of all, and for Socialism as an ultimate goal. We are an American party, deciding our own program in regular conventions. *Have you ever read the Constitution of the Communist Party with our purposes clearly set forth?* I'll gladly send you one, plus other information about the Party.

What can you do in this fight against redbaiting? Write letters of protest to The House Un-American Committee; to President Truman and to Attorney General Clark; you can make a contribution to help the Communist Party get on the air and pay the cost of advertisements like this one. Act now—before it is too late. The price of the suppression of Communists is that you can lose your rights.

Sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN, Treasurer,
Committee to Uphold Constitutional
Rights of the Communists
35 E. 12th St., New York 3, N. Y.

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New Republic

CONTENTS FOR JUNE 2, 1947

3 Washington Wire
5 News in Focus
11 Henry Wallace
13 Housedresses
16 New Orleans
21 China
25 Books in Review
29 Labor
30 United Nations News
32 Radio
33 Music
36 Movies
37 Correspondence
39 Bandwagon

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Washington Wire

Ready, Aim, Retreat

THE Truman Administration knows that a crash is coming in Europe, but it is backing away from action. This is the same pattern followed in domestic crises. Truman was right on the OPA, but yielded to Congress; Truman was right on housing, but let Wilson Wyatt go. His record on these and other issues is one of being right—and of yielding at the last minute. Now it is a world problem.

Make no doubt about it, the Administration is fully aware of the world situation. The State Department has, in fact, inspired broadcasters and columnists, who also know the facts. Here are statements from some of the latter:

Leland Stowe, "Within one year or two a major economic and financial crisis is bound to shake most of Europe"; William Philip Sims, "Another sizable dollar loan to Britain will become imperative next winter"; Mark Sullivan, "A collapse in Europe is imminent, so disastrous as to be almost beyond imagination"; Thomas L. Stokes, "Europe is in desperate straits"; Walter Lippmann, "Therefore, it is—one may say—a mathematical certainty that in the second half of 1948—as American government loans and grants-in-aid are used up—that a crisis of famine and unemployment will develop." These men are liberals and conservatives; they are alike in only one thing—they know what State is thinking.

Well, what is the Administration doing? It has decided not to do anything; that Congress can't be pushed forward any further. The Russian-scare device used to carry out its Greek-Turkish aid program is a hard one to repeat.

THAT is why the statement of Harold Stassen is significant. Just when Truman begins to fade out, Stassen comes in. Stassen is respectable; it's true he hasn't much chance of the GOP nomination, but he commands a big middle-road audience. And he worries other political leaders. They must ask themselves now whether Stassen is not being canny in taking this bold foreign-policy line. Well, maybe nothing will come of it, but at least he has revived the subject of world relief just when it seemed headed for one of those sickening lulls with which we are becoming so familiar—like the quiet time after the OPA was killed, when the nation waited hopefully for the drop in prices which the NAM promised.

WOOL is a dying industry. Even the present exorbitant 34-cent-a-pound Smoot-Hawley tariff can't keep it alive. Australian wool can come in, pay the tariff, sell for 40 cents a pound and still make a profit. Most American wool can't make a profit at 45 or even 50 cents a pound save as a by-product. If the tariff were eliminated, all our wool clothes, rugs and upholsteries would be cheaper, and the world would have something to sell us in exchange for finished goods. Even in Wyoming, the state most dependent on wool, the income from this item is less than four percent of total state income. On the other hand, wool represents the single largest export from Australia and New Zealand to the United States; prosperity hangs on it.

It was wool that brought Will Clayton dashing back from Geneva. Just as he was trying to cut world-trade barriers and end import quotas abroad, the House was passing a wool bill calling for higher subsidies and a quota. Obviously it would wreck the Geneva Conference. Clayton said so and wrote a letter declaring House passage of the bill would be a blow at "the moral leadership of the United States." The House promptly passed the bill over Clayton's protest. Confusion was extreme. The Administration spokesman on the House Committee on Agricul-

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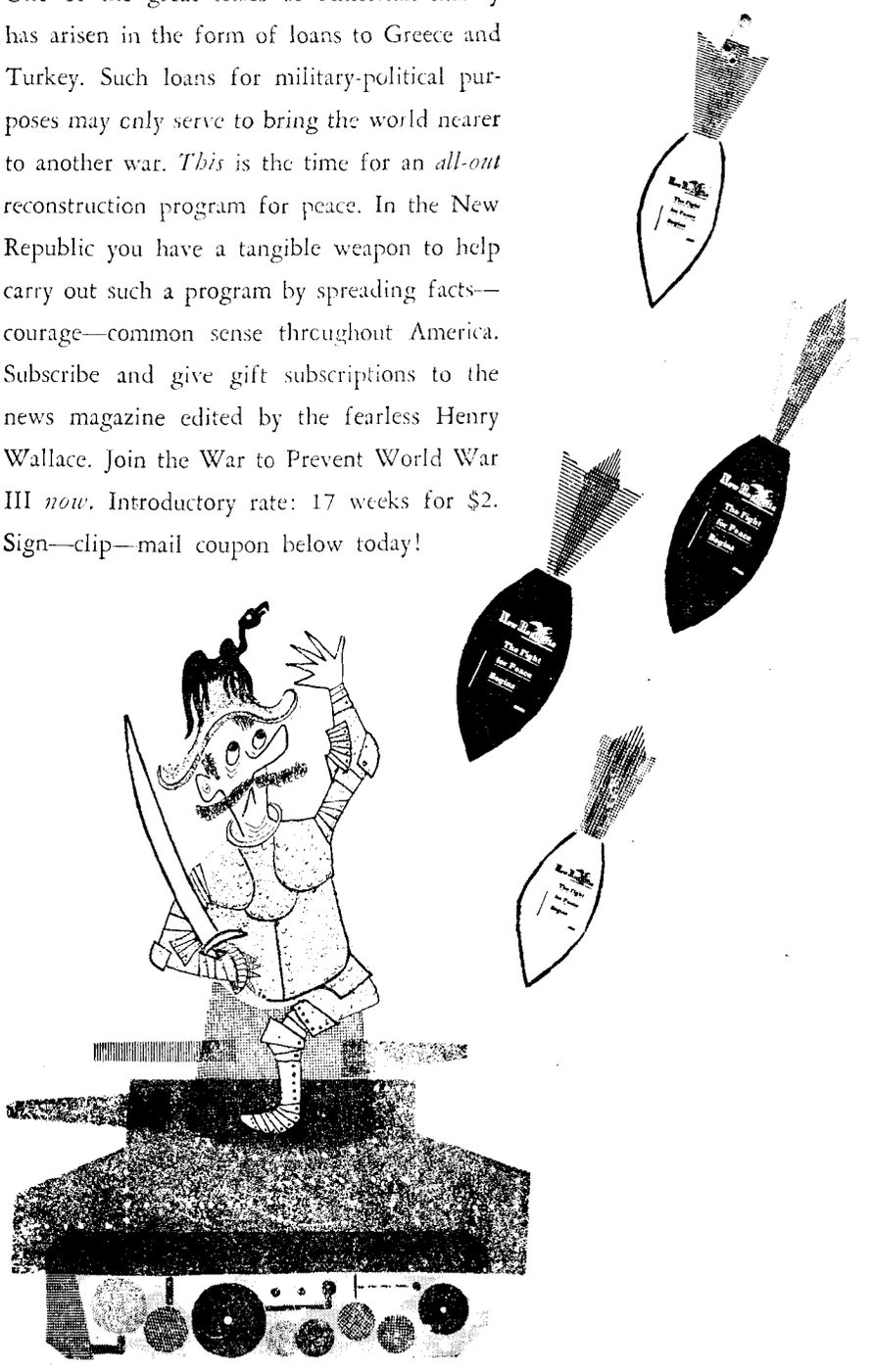

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ture, ranking minority member Representative Cooley, North Carolina, confessed he hadn't known the worldwide implications of the bill till he read "the Sunday papers." We wonder what papers he reads? Up to last week, papers practically ignored the subject which the New Zealand Prime Minister had called a "betrayal" and which had other Geneva delegates hopping mad.

Truman will veto the House wool bill in its present form. But this is exhibit A of America's postwar difficulty in meeting world problems. The debate revealed in awful clarity how little changed are high-tariff Republicans. "The Republican Party has always stood for a tariff!" shouted Representative Robert Rich (R, Pa.), member of the little GOP Rules Committee clique that guides the House. "I am for it today, and I want to get back to the good old days such as made America strong." The bill whooped through without a roll call.

NOTES. – A governor of the Federal Reserve Board commented that he thought Truman's unsuccessful plea to cut prices had accomplished one important thing—it had made everybody expect lower prices and thus held back buying. . . . We are rather glad Senate Republicans are holding up 800 postmaster appointments—not one in the three top categories has been confirmed since the GOP election victory; the public has been deceived into thinking these are under civil service; they actually are political-patronage plums and the GOP is handling them as such. . . . The American Farm Bureau Federation's powerful lobbyist, conservative Ed O'Neal, urged Congress to cut the Agriculture Department's budget 20 percent, aiming at New Deal reforms; the House Appropriations Committee cut the appropriation 32 percent and included virtual elimination of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, which is the Federation's particular pet. . . . The United States will soon be selling arms to Latin America, including Argentina, strengthening dictators and possibly starting a Southern Hemisphere arms race; the argument is that others will if we don't.

Washington T. R. B.

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New Republic

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News in Focus

Diminishing Doctrine

Foreign Affairs

A WORLD of difference lay between Harry Truman's melodramatic appeal to a joint session of Congress on March 12 for a $400 million Greek-Turkish loan and the President's discreetly undramatic signature of the measure last week in a Kansas City hotel room. The difference was less in the terms of the loan itself than in the political temper of the nation making the loan.

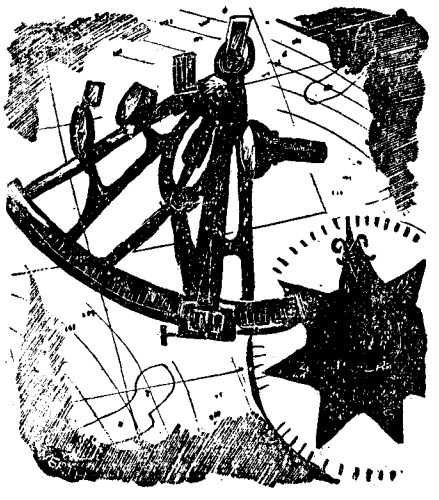
At the outset, the Truman Doctrine, playing skillfully on American fears and distrust of Russia, had won quick nationwide support of such unanimity that the New York *Times* remarked editorially: "It is significant that few voices have been raised to challenge the President's facts or his interpretation of them. On the contrary, there is a general agreement on them." In March the *Times's* foreign-affairs expert, James Reston, had effusively compared the Truman Doctrine in importance with "the late President Roosevelt's announcement of the lend-lease program and President Monroe's warning to the European autocrats in 1823."

But what President Truman and his bipartisan advisers had failed to foresee was that the ensuing vigorous political discussions would disclose the American people's surprisingly deep-seated, purposeful faith in the United Nations as an implement for preserving peace.

After the first wave of anti-Russian hysteria passed, a recurrent hum of dissatisfaction began to sound in the nation's press. Must we, editors asked—at first timidly, then decisively—support undemocratic regimes abroad in the name of preserving our own democracy? And why should the UN, which we labored harder than any others to create, be by-passed in a time of crisis? The Truman Administration's replies, harping on UN slowness and poverty, were unconvincing. Dispatches from Greece, where undemocratic leaders openly jubilated, were equally disturbing.

To members of Congress, watching public-opinion polls which showed how strongly their constituents believed in the UN, it became apparent that the Administration had bungled. Though too late to try to work the same scheme through the UN, a lame concession was made to public opinion. The Vandenberg Amendment gave the Security Council power to terminate by majority vote any such loan program as the US was embarking upon.

This was as much face-saving as could be indulged in at the time. The real change of heading came later, affecting what President Truman had gravely called "the broad implications involved"—implications that the Greek-Turkish program was but the first in a vast series of unilateral loans designed to make the recipients, nations lying in the Russian periphery, US military outposts. Korea, riven by US-Russian occupation forces, was to be next. But by the time Congress had approved the Greek-Turkish loan eight weeks later, Secretary Marshall quietly announced that no more loans would be requested until his policy-planning board had "surveyed" the world situation. Korea's needs, he indicated, would have to be taken care of by $78 million from the War Department's regular funds.



One reason for such sudden watering down of the Truman Doctrine undoubtedly was the disturbance it evoked elsewhere in the world. An articulate group of British Laborites had appealed to Englishmen to help allay Russian suspicions by repudiating "President Truman's proposals for collective security against communism." The Paris press talked of risks involved in accepting American loans and one paper urged "a rebellion against the dollar," even though France was in urgent need of financial help. The distrust and apprehension abroad became formidable as cabinets tottered on the swell of the President's original pronouncement.

At home, Henry Wallace's first-hour plea for world rehabilitation rather than armaments survived its caterwaul of scorn. Taking new bearings, a respectable State Department was swinging around to talk of economic reconstruction as a more effective buttress against communism than political subsidies. Even one Republican presidential aspirant, Harold Stassen, allowed that 10 percent of the national income should be used for such global purposes in the next decade. By late May, Walter Lippmann, who had given the Truman Doctrine lukewarm support in mid-March, could now pen something of an epitaph:

"I think it fair to suppose that they [the British] regard the Truman Doctrine as a wrong way to do a right thing, and in its reckless overtones an aberration, due to inexperience, which this

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country, as it reflects upon it, will replace by a much more constructive policy based on the actualities of the world. I have no doubt myself that this is what is going to happen. . . ."

Straw?

Employment

THE Bureau of Labor Statistics last week issued its employment survey for April and it proved to be just the kind of thing that had caused boom-or-bust Republicans to cut the BLS's appropriation from $6.7 to $2.3 million (the *NR,* May 26).

The Bureau's sour note: "Employment in manufacturing between March and April dropped nearly 140,000—the first decline since the reconversion low in February, 1946, and, for the first time since before the war, seasonal influences are strongly reflected in employment changes."

The declines were chiefly in the consumer-goods industries which GOP economists had been predicting would boom as soon as they could get going and tap the great backlog of savings. Apparel and textile industries accounted for most of the loss, and there were production cutbacks and consequent layoffs in lighting equipment, aluminum manufactures, radios and furniture. (A New York *Times* survey this week noted that 1946 profits in these industries had increased as follows: apparel, 128 percent; cotton, 378 percent; silks and rayons, 178 percent; home appliances, 98 percent; furniture, 206 percent.) Total non-agricultural employment stood at 41.7 million, compared with 39.9 million in 1939 and a wartime high of 42.6 million.

By Guess and . . .

National Budget

THE GOP high-wire act, which seeks to combine cutting the budget, cutting taxes and not cutting its own political throat, teetered last week before an incredulous public. Star performer John Taber (R, N. Y.) plunked the Agriculture Department's budget into his House Appropriations Committee magic juicer. What came out was not water but blood: the farm-tenant-loan program wiped out, crop insurance virtually eliminated, the school-lunch program about halved and farm (soil) conservation payments drastically reduced in 1948 and knocked out altogether in 1949. Total "saving": $383 million, or 32 percent.

With 60 percent of President Truman's budget already Taberized, GOP calculators registered a saving of $2.8 billion. To make good their early boasts (House, $6 billion; Senate, $4.5 billion) the Republicans would have to knife even more deeply into the remaining 40 percent, chiefly Army and Veterans' Administration budgets.

Democrats in Congress were unimpressed by some of the cuts already claimed. Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney (D, Wyo.) said the GOP was "making marks on paper and calling them savings. They are transferring sums back and forth so they look like a saving. Much of it is just postponed spending." Items described by the Democrats as particularly "phony cuts" were an arbitrary lowering of $800 million in the Treasury estimates of 1948 tax refunds, and the canceling of a Commodity Credit Corporation debt of $830 million to the Treasury now instead of in 1948. Senator Walter F. George (D, Ga.) said this last move in effect halved the estimated $1.2 billion budget surplus for 1947, and "means we can make no payment on the national debt in this fiscal year."

So skeptical were the Democrats, and many Republicans, too, of the chances of achieving any substantial reduction in President Truman's budget that Senator George, against Senator Taft's (R, Ohio) bitter opposition, attracted considerable attention for his motion to delay the GOP tax bill until June 10, when some idea of the real budget saving might be available. Taft tried all week to get his bill through. It was the old Harold Knutson (R, Minn.) "20-percent-straight-across-the-board" job with slight modifications, and would drop government revenue some $4 billion. George's arguments for delay were: the Senate has no idea what the final budget will be after the rising protests from all parties and parts of the country have been heard in Congress; a business recession would lower the amount of money produced by the tax law; the US owes billions to small war-bond holders who may cash in if the going gets rough; future outlays for the Truman Doctrine are vague; and a surplus should be used for debt retirement. The feat involved in simultaneously balancing the budget and lowering taxes was well illustrated in a remarkable colloquy:

Taft: "As I understand, the Senator is objecting to guessing what the revenue will be. . . ."

George: "If the Senator will bear with me a moment . . ."

Taft: "In the last analysis, of course, the estimate of revenues for the next 18 months, or next 15 months . . ."

George: "Thirteen months."

Taft: ". . . is bound to be a guess . . . because every estimate of revenue is based on a guess."

George: "It is based on an estimate; though I concede, of course, that an estimate is more or less of a guess."

Model D

FORD Motor Company ads comparing the smoothness of 1947 models to a naked baby have embroiled the auto concern with the National Institute of Diaper Services. "A baby without its diaper is completely untypical of America," scolded the Institute's secretary. "Ford Motor Company should not encourage any such horrible example." Unless the posters are withdrawn, Institute members have voted to picket.

Currency of Hunger

Germany

A CARTON of cigarettes in occupied Germany can perform as many miracles as Aladdin's lamp. In the midst of a food shortage of almost famine proportions, a pack of smokes changes into eggs, meat, chocolate, coffee or potatoes. This week the US War Department tried to crack down on the cigarette exchange, heart of the German black market, by banning tobacco shipments from the US to Germany.

When the ban was announced, a few correspondents jumped up from General Lucius Clay's dinner table, rushed out to cable some last-minute orders. But not

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many people were disturbed. General Clay himself felt the ban was largely a moral gesture for the benefit of the Germans. If so, the gesture apparently was wasted on one German black marketeer, who predicted: "Clever American people will find a way to beat the law. Cigarettes are as important as food in Germany. They kill hunger."

To a German living on 1,025 calories a day, 500 below the official nutrition rate set by the Allies, anything which could dull the gnaw was a welcome anesthetic. Throughout the Ruhr Valley, workers have been leaving their jobs in protest against declining rations. Allied soldiery had stood by silently while 120,000 civilians demonstrated in Hamburg. Miners abandoned the pits to scour the countryside for food.

As Britain and the US rushed grain shipments into their respective zones, familiar Nazi mutterings could be heard. Some high-ranking German officials, like Food Minister Heinrich Luebke of North Rhine-Westphalia, blamed the US for the crisis. In the British zone, hungry Germans eagerly read leaflets hardly distinguishable from the old Nazi handouts. A dangerous self-pity was eating into the hearts of his former countrymen, declared author Thomas Mann. Dr. James R. Newman, military governor of Hesse, angrily told the Germans: "The food crisis is yours; it is not American-made."

But in Washington, some skeptics were critical of the manner in which military government had dealt with the problem. Frequent dispatches in US papers mentioned huge stores of food hidden on German farms. One correspondent told of how a black-market operator in two hours procured 620 pounds of bacon, potatoes, sausage and eggs for his cache of cigarettes and soap. Soldiers stumbled upon 2,000 head of cattle "concealed" on a Westphalian farm. Although intelligence officers had reported eight months ago that German farmers were hoarding supplies, little action had been taken against them.

The tobacco ban seemed to be only a beginning. The first real move might come from General Clay, who, observing that he still had an army, threatened to send soldiers into rural areas to round up the racketeering farmers.

Far as Ever

Atomic Control

WERE the peoples of the world developing the same numb indifference toward the menace of atomic destruction with which Italians living on the slopes of Vesuvius regard that still active volcano? How much contempt had been bred by the familiarity of the talk about an atomic war? Such were the questions raised last week by columnist Barnet Nover, writing in the Washington *Post*. It was a good time to ask.

Certainly the sense of desperate urgency, which once brought a comparatively speedy enactment of a US atomic law followed by a full-blown US plan for world control of the atom, was not now felt by many Americans. Beyond doubt, the US and Russia were still as far apart as ever on an international atomic-energy-control agreement. Yet neither country had budged appreciably in the 11 months since Bernard M. Baruch had introduced the American plan to the UN, and Andrei Gromyko, after rejecting it, had submitted Russia's counterproposals (see chart).

Only an aroused world opinion could break the deadlock. Such a force was not in sight. Even if Russia gave in and accepted the American plan *in toto* there was now grave doubt that the necessary enabling treaties would be ratified by a Republican-controlled US Senate. The delay in reaching agreement in the UN had given conservatives and ex-isolationists time to reëxamine the US plan, with its emphasis on an all-powerful international agency for atomic control and development. In recent weeks, there had been cries that this country wanted no such agency with "foreigners" messing around Oak Ridge and Los Alamos. As influential a political leader as Senator Robert A. Taft (R, Ohio) had recommended that the US withdraw its international plan and return domestic control of atomic energy to the Army.

Russia's Gromyko undoubtedly had these things in mind last week when, in discussing the US atomic plan before the American-Russian Institute in New York, he said: "I doubt that even the authors of the proposals [for the powerful international inspection-and-control agency] seriously believe in the possibility of carrying them into effect." But Gromyko also made it abundantly clear that Russia, regardless, was not yet prepared to give any ground. He warned

THE ATOMIC IMPASSE

	U.S. PROPOSAL	SOVIET PROPOSAL
PROHIBITION OF ATOMIC AGGRESSION	YES	YES
INSPECTION OF MINES PLANTS ETC. BY INTERNATIONAL BODY	YES	YES, WITHIN PRESCRIBED LIMITS
CREATION OF ATOMIC DEVELOPMENT AUTHORITY WITH POWER OF MANAGEMENT, RESEARCH AND LICENSE	YES	NO
PUNISHMENT FOR ILLEGAL PRODUCTION OF ATOMIC ENERGY	YES	YES, BUT ONLY BY SECURITY COUNCIL
PROHIBITION OF ATOM BOMB PRODUCTION, DESTRUCTION OR SURRENDER OF EXISTING STOCK	ONLY AFTER MACHINERY IS ALL SET UP	PROHIBITION AND DESTRUCTION IMMEDIATELY
VETO BY ANY MEMBER OF THE BIG FIVE	NONE	NO VETO OVER DAY-TO-DAY INSPECTION; VETO RETAINED IN VOTE TO PUNISH ATOM VIOLATOR

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that the US atomic monopoly was "of a temporary character"; that this country might one day find itself in a less favorable position than other nations in the development of "certain dangerous kinds of weapons . . . ." He reiterated the Soviet demand that manufacture and use of the A-bomb and other mass-destruction weapons be outlawed immediately by treaty without waiting for agreement on an international-control system. (Under the Baruch proposal, the US could continue to make bombs until that final stage was reached when we would be compelled to turn them over to the international authority. This might take years.) Russia, sounding strangely like Senator Taft, wanted no part of an international agency which might interfere with "the sovereignty and independence" of individual nations; which would have the right of "ownership and management of establishments for the production of atomic energy."

Two days later, Senator Brien McMahon (D, Conn.), author of the US domestic Atomic Energy Act, answered Gromyko. The US, he said, could not consider the Russian plan, "not because we wish to be arbitrary or uncooperative, but simply because the plan does not furnish the world with the kind of security that is so desperately needed in the age of atomic weapons." Exploring the alternative courses for the US in the event "the world can agree only on disagreement," McMahon suggested a last resort:

"Let the nations of the world, in convention assembled, vote on a resolution making the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission proposals [that is, the American plan] the world plan. Invite all peace-loving nations to adhere to the plan and to declare that any nation which refuses by a specified date to accept a plan which has been democratically approved by the majority of the nations of the world is thereby denominated an aggressor. . . ."

In effect, this had the ring of a proposal to abandon UN procedures and outlaw Russia if she did not meet US terms. On second thought, McMahon conceded to newsmen it might not be such a good idea after all. Practically speaking, the outlook was as bleak as ever.

Check List

NEWBURYPORT had all but abandoned its 10-percent, price-cutting program (the *NR*, May 5), although one doughty merchant insisted the plan was not dead: "The signs just blew down last night during a storm."

In Bilbao, Spain, Basque underground trade-union leaders talked up another general strike against Franco (the *NR*, May 19) in revenge for government reprisals against May Day demonstrations.

A Chapel Hill, North Carolina, court fined a Negro, Bayard Rustin, trial costs and sentenced a white man, Igal Roodenko, to 30 days for sitting together on a bus (the *NR*, May 5), despite a Supreme Court decision which invalidated state segregation laws applied to interstate passengers.

Black Sheep

Foreign Trade

ALTHOUGH US woolgrowers represent less than a thousandth of the total US economy, they threatened last week to shear the back of American policy in world affairs. A successful lobby gained the support of enough Republicans and Democrats from cotton and wool-growing states to pass in the House a bill which would require the President to increase the import tariff on foreign wool, if deemed necessary by the Tariff Commission to avoid interference with the wool-subsidy program. The vote, which was not recorded, was 151 to 65.

The wool measure, which started out strictly bush-league, had blossomed into a major national and international issue (see Washington Wire, page 3). While 18 nations at the reciprocal-trade conference at Geneva, Switzerland, were deadlocked (primarily over the wool-tariff issue), lobbyist Byron Wilson, big, white-haired legislative chairman of the National Wool Growers' Association, buttonholed members of the House. Wilson remained oblivious to the fact that the wool tariff is as important a world symbol of US intentions as it is a US economic barrier to producers elsewhere in the world. He remarked wryly, "They say we are blocking the Geneva Conference—I only wish we were."

As the bill, which was passed by the Senate on April 7, changed from one which merely continued government subsidies to wool growers until December, 1948, to one which raised tariff barriers, Undersecretary of State William L. Clayton rushed back from Geneva to plead with Representative Harold D. Cooley (D, S. C.), a ranking Agriculture Committeeman, against action. "If at this time," Clayton said, "when we are actually negotiating with other countries at Geneva for the lowering of trade barriers, we raise new barriers, as this bill proposes, we stand convicted of insincerity."

Why was wool so important in US foreign-trade plans? Clayton and House members opposing the measure pointed out that some of "our best customers" have nothing to sell us but wool. Wool makes up more than 95 percent of the dutiable imports from Australia; New Zealand furnishes 40 percent of our imports and South Africa 37 percent. The United Kingdom and the Dominions are tied together by a system of tariff preferences and it is to the advantage of this country to try to reduce empire preferences. "If Australia, New Zealand and South Africa are unable to carry on trade with us," Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas (D, Calif.) argued, "then Great Britain cannot make the same arrangements with us she would otherwise make—she cannot reduce or abolish her preferences unless the Dominions agree." Other opposition to the bill came from congressmen representing districts with wool-processing industries. They agree with Clayton's statement that the proposed import duty would operate "like a sales tax."

It seems ironical that a handful of woolgrowers (whose annual dollar volume is only $120 million) carried more weight than the State Department. The bill was sent to a conference committee, where some Senators thought Senate conferees would fight to knock out the tariff angles, leaving only the original government support of a wool price of about 42 cents a pound (10 percent above the going market price). If House members refused to budge, there was talk of a presidential veto.

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Better Late

New York

THE campus of Queens College, three-quarters of an hour from New York City proper, is not the kind to bring joy to the heart of an architect. Seven fearsome-looking, three-story buildings are its chief physical assets. But Queens is a place where 2,950 young men and women can enjoy the benefits of a college education for only $50 a year. The City of New York charges students only for textbooks and incidentals.

Although the splendors of Yale's Gothic halls and Harvard's ivy are missing, Queens has earned a healthy academic reputation in its 10 years of existence and acquired a few traditions of its own: among them a student body that takes its politics seriously, and City Councilman Hugh Quinn.

Councilman Quinn is a man of many causes. He has warred against Mayor LaGuardia, the one-o'clock curfew and Meatless Tuesday. But his specialty is stalking Communists. And Queens College is a favorite preserve of the bantam Democratic politician. When Quinn heard that the vocal, left-wing American Youth for Democracy had formed a chapter on the campus, he grabbed a few reporters and bustled over to protect the taxpayers' educational investment. But the same student effervescence that created the AYD had already bred an Antidote Party, equally determined to drive the AYD from Queens. (The AYD has also been barred at Michigan State College and the Universities of Michigan, Wayne, Colorado and Temple.) Before Quinn could make a headline, an anti-AYD student council had in effect requested the faculty to rescind the AYD charter and the faculty had coöperated, by a vote of 55 to 42.

Better late than never, Quinn angrily demanded to know the names of the 42 teachers who had voted against the ban. President Klapper refused to make the names public on the grounds that Quinn was simply trying to intimidate the educators. As Doctor Klapper put it: "This did not put the councilman in a happy state of mind." So Quinn brought up his heavy reinforcements. A local Democratic leader demanded Klapper's resig-

Twelve Good Men and True

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The 12 good men and true from Greenville County squirmed on the hard, hot seats of the jury box. Sitting there stiffly in their Sunday suits they had the look about them of fretful sinners who could neither face nor flee the pointing finger of the preacher. It had been that way all through the steamy nine days of South Carolina's case against the accused lynchers of Negro Willie Earle.

The odds against finding a hero among a random dozen of Greenville County citizens were probably no higher than anywhere else. But there was need of a hero. The jury was average enough for those parts—eight textile workers, a farmer, a divinity student, an auto mechanic, a salesman, all of them male, all of them white. It was the situation that was more than average. The dozen pairs of eyes looking out from heads swimming with strange thoughts kept searching for what the judge called "reasonable doubt."

It wasn't an easy thing to locate. The 26 confessions read into the record laid it out pretty cold—the high-tempered talk, the drinking, the jail delivery, the stabbings, the beating, the point-blank shots which finally removed poor Willie Earle from this world. It was all there. Except that in South Carolina you didn't send white folks to the chair for lynching a Negro unless the case was airtight. Even 12 good men and true had to go on living with their neighbors.

The unhappy figures in the jury box felt the defense lawyers' arguments wash over them like a syrupy sponge: "We get along pretty well down here until they start interfering with us from Washington and the North," coaxed attorney Tom Wofford, a Harvard graduate. "Willie Earle is dead, and I wish more like him were dead," shouted John B. Culbertson, another defense lawyer. The stern warnings of conscientious Judge J. Robert Martin Jr. could not erase the damage.

It was no atmosphere in which to hide a loophole. The 12 good men and true tugged at their chins and wondered if it was up to them to answer all the doubts in their troubled minds: ¶ Why had there been no change in venue? (Near-by Spartanburg has a superior reputation for solid law enforcement. Special Prosecutor Sam R. Watt, brought over from that neighboring textile center on the strength of his record of convictions labored against the prejudices of local rivalry.) ¶ Why were Greenville police unable to corroborate the evidence of the confessions obtained by FBI agents? (The lynchers, after the crime, boasted openly of it in the town. The only supporting witness produced by the state was subsequently beaten up without the intercession of local authorities. In the end, the case hung entirely on statements which, the jury was told, had to be given freely and voluntarily to stand up alone in a court of law.)

By the time the jury was ready to be charged, the judge's words were beating against a wall as thick as the injustices of the ages: "You as jurors in a court of justice have no friends to reward nor any enemies to punish. Your purpose and my purpose here today is to see that a verdict is rendered in this case that speaks the truth."

A soft rain was weeping over Greenville County courthouse when, five hours and 13 minutes later, the jury sent word that it was ready with the verdict. The judge instructed the sheriff to disperse his deputies among the white spectators. The Negro gallery was nearly void of either watchers or hope. "Not guilty, not guilty, not guilty . . ." droned through the stifling courtroom. Judge Martin turned his back sharply and left the bench without so much as a word of thanks. The 12 good men and true collected their $72 apiece, walked silently out into the night and headed home to pray.

* * * * *

ALTHOUGH editorial heart was expressed in some quarters over the fact that the Greenville trial took place at all, US Attorney General Tom Clark immediately ordered a federal investigation into the "outrage in South Carolina, where a jury turned loose . . . admitted lynchers." Repercussions were worldwide. The London *Daily Express* protested that "trial by fury . . . remains the unwritten law of America's South."

One day after the Greenville verdict, 400 miles north in Jackson, North Carolina, a masked band of white men stormed the jail and removed 24-year-old Godwin Bush. The young Negro had been charged with rape. The whereabouts of the latest victim of lynch law at first remained a temporary mystery. Then Bush, who said he had escaped from the mob and taken refuge among friends, surrendered to the FBI—on the promise that his safety would be protected.

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nation, while Republican Representative Henry Latham warned that "distressed parents" said their children were getting foreign ideas at Queens (of 700 parents interviewed recently by Klapper, none expressed dissatisfaction). The New York *Daily Mirror* snarled that "New Yorkers should get good and mad about this."

The New York Board of Higher Education failed to take the hint. When Representative Latham threatened a congressional investigation, the board declared no inquiry was necessary or advisable. "Queens College has an excellent reputation among other American universities and in the business world," said alumni president James A. Doyle in a statement read to the board.

As the battle raged last week, some of Councilman Quinn's piercing cries were riding the breeze to Washington. There Representative J. Parnell Thomas (R, N. J.), chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee, cocked a sympathetic ear and hinted he might join the pack.

R. I. P.

Latin America

THE United States was now ready to move rapidly in burying its long-standing differences with Argentina. Under the sod would go the "firm" US policy toward Dictator-President Juan D. Peron and his falangist-type government. With the policy would go its chief architect, Assistant Secretary of State Spruille Braden. George S. Messersmith, US Ambassador to Buenos Aires who had worked so hard to have the Braden policy scrapped, would probably be interred soon after. Thus, a bizarre chapter in Pan-American history would come to an end.

As expected, Argentina broke ground last week by announcing the deportation of eight more German agents, including two big names, Hans Harnisch and Gustavo Utzinger. Peron's Foreign Minister, Juan Atilia Bramuglia, then proudly declared that Argentina had done her best to fulfill her hemisphere pledges to eradicate Nazi influences. One of the biggest Nazis to operate in South America, Johannes Siegfried Becker, was still at large. The Argentines said they simply had been unable to find him since he jumped bail in Buenos Aires in May, 1946. Others, like Ludwig Freude, would continue to live in peace in Peron's country by virtue of having acquired Argentine citizenship.

The point was: Washington was set to declare itself officially satisfied that Argentina had met her promises and thus had removed the obstacle to restoration of "hemisphere solidarity."

This announcement would be hailed appropriately by the War Department, by Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg (R, Mich.) and other self-styled Republican experts on Latin America, and certain "business-as-usual" groups which had never been concerned with the growth of fascism in Argentina. A date would be set soon for the Rio de Janeiro conference, at which the 21 American republics would write a hemisphere military-defense treaty and US-Argentine relations would get off to a fresh start.

The spectacle of the US cottoning up to Peron's dictatorship would bring no joy to former Secretary of State Cordell Hull, who had often given his opinion of Argentina's wartime behavior in picturesque, Tennessee-mountain phraseology. And Spruille Braden, who had taken both a financial and a political beating in public life, would go back to the mining business with a sour taste in his mouth, regardless of any hollow praise President Truman might hand him in accepting his resignation. Experts might find fault with Braden's tactics, but none could deny that he had hewed to the "firm" Argentine policy line assigned to him and had given a tough job everything he had. The same could hardly be said for George Messersmith, who had spent much time in Buenos Aires and Washington talking and writing critically of Braden and favorably of Peron.

The expulsion of a few German agents would not change the fundamental character or direction of the Peron regime. A hemisphere military treaty and related pacts might start an armaments race in South America which only Argentina could afford. The real losers from the new US approach would probably be Argentina's South American neighbors; the only real winner in the transaction would be Juan Domingo Peron.

Fiddle-do-DAR

Women

WASHINGTON was overrun last week by 6,000 determined Daughters of an American Revolution which took place a long, long time ago. As the energetic ladies closed their 56th Continental Congress, weary society reporters once more recorded DAR doings "to perpetuate the memory of the spirit of the men and women who achieved American independence, promote institutions of American freedom . . . and aid in securing for mankind all the blessings of liberty."

¶ Resolved: no lowering of immigration barriers.

¶ Resolved: no easing of qualifications of the Nationality Act.

¶ Resolved: no organization of a world superstate.

¶ Resolved: a "well done" to the FBI, to Congress for giving the FBI more money, to the Un-American Activities Committee, to Truman for his efforts to "cleanse our public offices of alien and subversive influences."

¶ Dedicated: every member of the DAR to the responsibility of policing the country's classrooms and public libraries to keep them free from "insidious doctrines and interpretations."

¶ Donated: $122,000 for a memorial bell tower at Valley Forge.

The congress was held in Constitution Hall, the society's vast auditorium which refused its stage to Marian Anderson in 1939. The Building and Grounds Committee announced that its "middle-of-the-road" color line would be maintained until the District of Columbia changes its policy. This was a little confusing, inasmuch as the DAR won't let Negroes appear on the stage but allows them to sit in the audience, whereas D. C. theatres allow them on the stage but not in the audience.

Representative Frances Bolton (R, Ohio), a DAR herself, likened her fellow daughters to the wife of Lot "standing in the middle of the desert." Unless the organization promotes active work for better national and international conditions, said she, "then fiddle-de-doo with the DAR."

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Henry Wallace

Report from the Southwest

TRAVELING on across this country, I have by now spoken to more than 100,000 Americans face to face. More than ever I am certain that a new spirit is stirring in America which before long will be felt in Washington and throughout the world.

Those who glue their eyes exclusively on public-opinion polls and pronouncements of Washington columnists are missing the biggest story in American politics today. If the major political parties ignore this new and vibrant mood in the people, we shall face larger and sharper realignments in political life. This new movement is in the main stream of American politics; any attempt to dam it will cause it simply to change its course.

The days I have spent in Texas illustrate this new mood. From Detroit, I flew to Austin, to speak at a mass meeting at the University. It was arranged by the local chapter of the American Veterans' Committee, a group that invariably brings together the ablest and most progressive veterans in each community.

The chapter is small, and had only a few days to prepare the meeting. When it was arranged, pressures immediately built up against my visit. The newspapers warned Texans against me; the local congressman, Representative Lyndon Johnson, announced in Congress that the clear-eyed, stout-hearted people of Texas would not turn out for the meeting. On my last evening in Detroit, a Texas friend telephoned me to beg me not to come. He predicted that the meeting would be a total failure and would act as a blight on the rest of my journey through America.

When I stepped off the plane at Austin, it looked as though he might be right. Five boys were there to meet me, waving red flags. A parked car with a loudspeaker began to blare out "The Internationale." I laughed and asked, "What oilman is paying for this?" Sure enough, the leader of the demonstration turned out to be the son of an oil-company president. His efforts had an unforeseen ending when 300 other clear-eyed, stout-hearted Texans rushed at the five and chased them away.

I had been warned that since the day when a reactionary Board of Regents had driven President Homer Rainey from the university, liberals there had been forced to flee or "go underground" and that the liberal spirit in the university was dead. Just the opposite turned out to be true. An audience of 10,000 cheered every assertion of liberalism, as loudly and as long as the progressives of Chicago and Detroit had done. Delegates from San Antonio, Dallas, Denton and even Amarillo, almost 700 miles away, were seated in the university gymnasium.

Perhaps I saw the wrong people! I knew that a group of prominent Democratic leaders were away that night listening to Speaker of the House Joe Martin whip up the "Red menace" for a group of oilmen in Houston. At any rate, in spirit the students I saw were utterly unlike similar groups I met before the war, or even just after it.

A REAL surprise to me were the strides made in the fight to overcome racial discrimination in the South. I found progress in Austin, and later on in Southern California. In Austin, I went to a social gathering at which Negroes from all parts of Texas were present. The discrimination against Americans of Mexican origin is also passing; one reason is the prestige of Mexican American veterans of the Second World War. Nine hundred of these veterans are now students at Austin. Another 200 students from all parts of Latin America are helping to break down racial prejudice.

Yet it is still strong. The restaurants are restricted. Discrimination in wage rates still exists. There are still "second-class citizens," particularly in the smaller towns. This condition seriously disturbs the present-day students at the university. With a sense of compulsion, rather than hope, at my Austin meeting I called for an end to racial discrimination. I was amazed by the warmth of the response, and also by the enthusiastic welcome the students gave to a demand for the nationalization of the coal mines. I of course never doubted the liberalism of leaders such as Professor Frank Dobie and the Reverend Blake Smith. But Texans themselves seem startled by the depth of the feeling among the rank and file of students that the Austin meeting uncovered.

In Southern California, I found the same new forces at work and the same rising hope among progressives. Bob Kenny, former California State Attorney General, explained it to me this way:

"California," Kenny said, "suffered more dislocation

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than any other state in wartime. Boom towns sprang up; growing pains multiplied.

"The housing shortage, of course, was terrible. Prices rose. The hopes for permanent peace turned sour not long after the war had ended. So the people of California voted Republican.

"Since then, all of our troubles have intensified. Thousands of veterans are without homes. California bungalows that cost $6,000 ten years ago are selling for $20,000 today. Now the buyers' strike is on, and so construction is slowing down. Pay rolls are shrinking. We are not hit by recession yet, like the rest of the country, because we are still growing; but layoffs are mounting now. The cost of living is 'way up. Nothing is being done.

"California, above all states, was completely sold on the UN," Kenny added. "All of a sudden, along comes the first crisis, and the government tells us that the UN is no good in a crisis. That statement hit harder here than anywhere else in America.

"To us in California, it seemed that a crisis was the very time when the UN was most needed. That is why this state has responded as warmly as it has to your affirmative declaration of a positive faith in the UN and in American support of its principles."

BACK in 1944, labor undoubtedly overplayed its hand in California politics. In 1946, an overambitious and divided progressive movement spent its energy on fights between liberals, instead of developing issues concentrated in terms of human needs. A Republican victory was the inevitable result. And it was so decisive that today California progressives are forced to begin all over again.

The labor movement in Southern California is still comparatively young. It is still divided. The CIO, here as elsewhere, has been torn between its right and left wings. The Railroad Brotherhoods have been largely non-political. The AFL, under leaders such as Charles Real of the Teamsters' Union, has backed the Republicans in exchange for a good deal of patronage.

Now, however, the situation is rapidly changing. "Taft mobilized the CIO for political action by breaking the OPA," one progressive told me. "Truman recruited the Brotherhoods for the same purpose by breaking the railroad strike. Now Governor Warren, by his action on the 'hot-cargo' bill, is recruiting the AFL for progressivism alongside the Brotherhoods and the CIO."

The hot-cargo law was passed during the present session of the California legislature. It prohibits any union from refusing to handle hot cargo—that is, cargo which is a matter of dispute in a strike. Nominally, this law was aimed at secondary boycotts in jurisdictional disputes. Actually, it is directed against any form of labor solidarity. For the teamsters, who handle the transportation of most of California's output, this measure is really threatening. The Teamsters' Union is one of the largest in California and dominates the AFL in the state. When Governor Warren permitted the hot-cargo bill to become law, he stretched his good relations with the AFL to the breaking point.

IN the Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles, I met with more than 600 officials of the AFL, the Railroad Brotherhoods and the CIO. The Central Labor Council of the AFL did not turn up, but officials of AFL unions were there. So were the leaders of the right wing of the CIO, whose split with the left wing has been deep and bitter.

I found among these leaders the greatest concern over the effects of the Truman Doctrine, and the deepest anxiety over the Taft-Hartley labor bill. I expressed my belief that President Truman would veto any really bad compromise labor bill, but this failed to impress the meeting. Even though they assumed that the veto would come, they still blamed the President for the entire situation, stressing his previous departures from the platform and tradition of the Democratic Party, especially his action in the railroad dispute last year.

Under these circumstances, labor is being driven toward unity and toward political action. Other pressures are working toward the same result on farmers and professional groups in Southern California.

In the rural areas of this state, the conservative vote of the owners and managers of the big mechanized farms is offset by the protest vote of the farm workers, small farmers and inhabitants of the towns in the great Central Valley. The Joads are better off, and far more vocal, today than when John Steinbeck wrote *The Grapes of Wrath*. Among the small farmers in the valley, feeling is rising against the high prices of feed and other farm essentials, and the slashing by the Republican Congress of reclamation funds.

The 57-percent cut in these funds bears hard on the Central Valley Project, a vital enterprise in this state. California, handicapped by high freight rates and long hauls of materials, must have cheap and plentiful electric power for its further development as a rounded industrial and rural economy. The power of the Central Valley development is vital to California's industries and the millions in its cities; irrigation water is vital for thousands of small farmers.

A bill in Congress to amend the reclamation law strikes even harder at the small farmers. This law, dating from Theodore Roosevelt's day, provides that land irrigated by public works should be in tracts not larger than 160 acres for a single man or 320 acres for a married couple. Now, a bill before Congress would remove the 160-acre limitation and turn over the new irrigation

(Continued on page 35)

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Dresses: What Every Woman Needs

by Harold Wolff

Max J. Lovell, spokesman for housedress manufacturers, is trying to get the textile industry to slash its over-inflated prices

MAX J. LOVELL complains that he has no time to get his own work done these days. There are too many reporters bothering him: the daily papers, the trade journals, mighty *Fortune,* and now the *New Republic.* With that smiling plea off his chest, he settles back easily into his role as lawyer-spokesman for the 70 manufacturers who make up the House Dress Institute. For two hours he calls everyone from big cotton brokers to bigger department-store operators a wide range of nasty names without once using the words. He never raises his voice, even when the two phones on his desk interrupt incessantly.

Lovell's manner is better groomed than is suggested by the lowly housedress. His unpretentious office on dingy lower Fifth Avenue, tucked in between a Persian rug dealer and the Brazilian Translation Bureau, belies his comfortable familiarity with vacations in Colorado Springs and a gentleman's farm in upper New York State. And Lovell has the graying blond good looks, the careless but in-good-taste clothes and the easy "come back any time" charm that all seem quite in the best spokesman-for-the-industry tradition, until you suddenly realize that what he is saying is heresy.

For Max Lovell is one industry spokesman who loved the OPA—at least most of it—and he calls the present profit rates of textile manufacturers "unconscionable, unexplainable and even unmoral." He recently wrote to President Truman calling for a congressional investigation of the cotton-textile industry. He has challenged the allegation of many industrialists that labor or the farmer is to blame for high prices. He uses the phrase "Worth Street"—the New York abode of textile potentates—wherever Ilya Ehrenburg or Bertie McCormick or an Iowa hog farmer would say Wall Street. When he talks economics, he sounds like Lord Keynes or some of the old-time OPA'ers —except that he talks in earthy terms.

Lovell's terms are "housedresses." To you, that probably means something Jane puts on when she wants to save her street clothes. But Lovell soon makes it clear that the whole future of the American economy hangs on the housedress. Working girls pine for them. Farm girls sigh for them. Thirty-seven thousand workers get a good, steady wage from them—a far cry from the unfortunates on Seventh Avenue who work on coats, suits and dresses a few months and then get laid off. Lovell wants the world to know that "in housedresses, you keep going all the year round." He does his smoothest to make the housedress industry sound like the highest expression of American mass production and mass merchandising. Ninety-seven million dresses last year, one and a half for every woman in the country. With Lovell, it's Fords and housedresses. "We're not a business; we're a public service," he beams.

When you strip Max Lovell and his House Dress Institute of the publicity trappings, what is left is a pretty clean-cut picture of the workaday intimacies of the kind of business that the NAM talks about but not for. Housedresses are made by about 390 manufacturers; the largest run up to a gross of $8 million a year. Most of them are, as manufacturing goes, small fry.

Lovell likes to compare housedresses to bread: no frills, something every woman needs. But they must be sold at a low price. "And now we're being priced right out of the market," he says. "It's a matter of plain arithmetic." Seventy percent of US families make less than $2,500 a year. With taxes and social security and union dues, that leaves, say, $40 a week. The average family spends $25 a week for food. That leaves $15 a week for everything else, including housedresses. "How the hell can it be done," Lovell asserts rather than asks, in one of his few liberties with four-letter words.

Blame-calling

AS IF this kind of simple arithmetic didn't get him into enough trouble downtown, Lovell pulls no punches when it comes to blame-calling. The cost of raw cotton and mill wages has gone up, he points out, but not nearly enough to account for the rise in the price of the material that goes into a housedress. Raw cotton went up from less than nine cents a pound in 1939 to a high of more than 39 cents last October. At four yards to the pound, Lovell scratches on his yellow pad, that means that the cotton in a yard of goods went up perhaps as much as 7.5 cents. Labor went up two or three cents a yard. Together, raw material and labor increased nine or ten cents. But in the meantime "gray goods" (undyed and unfinished cotton fabric) went from a little over six cents a yard to more than 35 cents, and housedress percale from nine cents to as much as 45 cents a yard. And these goods constitute more than 50 percent of the cost of a housedress. "Hoggishness," Lovell says sweetly as he finishes his

Harold Wolff, who wrote "How Much Did We Make This Time?" in a recent New Republic, *is a writer and economist who has also contributed to* Life, Liberty *and* Colonet.

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arithmetic lesson on current textile prices, "and I use the term advisedly."

Lovell is rather proud of his scrapbook, a large leather-bound portfolio containing reactions to his pronouncements. And what reactions! Never have so many squawked so loudly at so few. First come the retailers of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, complaining that they can't lower prices because the nasty wholesaler-manufacturers are keeping prices up. Then comes the Wholesalers' Association, representing wholesalers who are not manufacturers, and blaming manufacturers who are not wholesalers. Next in the chaotic procession come the finishers and the converters—usually meek fellows, but now squeezed so tight that they have developed a crusading zeal. "Give us the gray goods at a reasonable price," they say, "and we'll take care of the housedress manufacturers."

Over in another corner, meanwhile, stand all the spokesmen for the mills. Charlie Cannon of towel fame speaks for the Southern mills, and his *bête noire* is, of course, the end of seven-cent cotton and 30-cent labor. How can prices go down, he asks, when Southern textile workers get more than $35 a week? For the Northern mill owners, meanwhile, there is Russell T. Fisher. How can the Northern mills survive, he asks, so long as the Southern mills have a lower wage scale? His pronouncements sound almost like a "Good work, boys" for the CIO and the AFL organizing campaign in the South.

Expensive squeals

FROM the nation's textile capital on Worth Street, the assorted contributions to Lovell's memory book are like the squeals of the legendary stuck pig. The noises are directly proportionate to the depth to which Lovell's pronouncements affect Worth Street's purse.

And there is a striking degree of harmony in Worth Street these days because the big textile operators have at long last done a little close weaving of their own financial and corporate warp and woof. In the old days the Street was peopled by venerable commission houses that acted as selling agents for the mills of New England and the South. The mills at that time had no direct contact with the market, and, like exemplary members of a highly competitive industry, produced goods until the market was saturated at a price that brought the mills only slim profits. But after World War I textile-mill owners grew sick of the free-private-enterprise, supply-and-demand life they were leading. Some of the more enterprising mills decided to get out from under by branding their products so that the customer would not just ask for any old cloth, but would insist on "Fruit of the Loom" instead of just sheets, or Bates Bedspreads instead of just any old bedspread. To push these brands they opened their own sales

"HOGGISHNESS" IS LOVELL'S WORD FOR THE TEXTILE MANUFACTURERS' PRICE POLICY

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offices on Worth Street. This, to the old-line commission houses, was not a good thing. So the commission houses began to buy mills. And some mills began to buy commission houses. During the war this process accelerated.

Today, for all practical purposes, Worth Street is the mills, and vice versa. And in their common front on the present textile situation, mill owners and commission houses do a sister act—the Cotton Textile Institute playing along with the Association of Cotton Textile Merchants, which once represented the special interests of the commission houses. And, as if these two powerful groups needed any help, the mill owners recently dipped into their wartime profits to hire the firm of Pendleton Dudley—fresh from seeing the meat packers through the fight against the OPA—to make their peace with price-resisting consumers.

COTTON MAN JOHN MURRAY HOLDS FORTH AT THE ARKWRIGHT

Mushrooms and breadlines

WHEN it comes to tangling with Lovell, the real spokesman for Worth Street is Dr. Claudius T. Murchison, former long-hair economist, onetime government bureaucrat, and currently enthroned as president of the Cotton Textile Institute. "Utter recklessness" is his comment on what he calls Lovell's "assaults on the price structure." "Is there anything to yelp about?" he asks rhetorically, sandwiching his remarks in between appearances against any reduction in tariffs on cotton textiles and against a bill to curb monopolistic trends in industry. He calls the discussion of prices "utter fanaticism." Lovell's position is labeled as "exaggerated," "distorted," "a special case," "loose and irresponsible." And if anybody does anything about prices, Murchison draws an ominous picture: "Unemployment appears like mushrooms everywhere, breadlines begin to form and the wage structure cracks."

Murchison and the Worth Street crowd can be found any day at the Arkwright Club or at the Merchants', where they meet for lunch, for business and for a couple of quick ones in the afternoon. (The main difference between the two clubs is that the Merchants' has upholstered chairs and higher membership fees, so that only the heads of the firms belong.) "You and me could belong to the Arkwright," says John Murray, genial philosopher of Worth Street and secretary-treasurer of the Cotton Export Association. Murray's complaint is that some of the mill owners are inclined to be overly concerned about Lovell's attacks. "Some of them actually are selling at only a small profit," says Murray as he swings into his spiel. Most of Worth Street, though, is just following human nature. The mill owners are getting what they can. And when the bust comes, they will get hurt, as they always do. "I'll tell them not to whimper then," promises Murray. And he thinks that Lovell should not be whimpering now. "Hell, we're all over 21," is Murray's oft-repeated punch line. Pushed a little on the subject of a possible break in the textile market, Murray sums up his metaphysics with a "Who the hell knows if we'll live that long?"

According to Lovell, anyone who knows how powerful the Worth Street crowd is expects them to do just what they are doing. "They are charging what the traffic will bear. They call that free private enterprise." But Lovell doesn't think it free private enterprise to let the price of textiles rise to the point where his housedress industry just can't sell its product. "Anybody is free to go along the street swinging his fist so long as it stops short of the end of my nose," he says. And in his opinion the free-swinging textile boys have "bopped housedresses right on the button." Housedresses, after all, are a very small part of a very big industry.

When you leave Lovell's office and walk up Fifth Avenue, in some of the smaller stores there are signs saying, "We are complying with the President's request to lower prices." Some of them have SALE signs in their windows: "Housedresses marked down from $4.95 to $3.95." The dresses are shoddy and not even as good as the $1 prewar line. Whom do you believe, and how much? Is it really true, as the Institute says, that the weather and the boll weevil curtailed last year's cotton crop, forcing the reluctant mill owners to raise prices, and so on? If so, why should Tom Dewey's classmate, Max Lovell from Park Avenue, talk so much like a CIO economist and vote for Roosevelt?

The answer is not very complicated. In this giant industry—from the share-cropping cotton farmer to the Ivy League, well heeled Worth Streeter—each group thrives only at the expense of the next. So each sets up an Institute to damn the other. But the nearer you get to the consumer, the more you are concerned about producing an attractive product at a low price. Worth Street's mill owners and commission men see nothing immediate to be gained from

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low-priced housedresses. Perhaps they should be able to see a little further than the end of their own financial statements, but they don't. On the other hand, Lovell has everything to gain from lower prices and larger volume. So he and the left-wing economists are on intimate terms.

What is going to happen? It is pretty clear. Some of the retailers are going to take a beating on inventory losses. Maybe they can stand it. Maybe some of the little ones can't. Some of the housedress manufacturers will be squeezed. They are very wary of inventories. So they'll close down. Already unemployment has begun in the industry, as it has in woolens and in shoes. The mills' present contracts carry them through fall. After that they will start shutting down.

An umbrella against disaster

THIS is the so-called adjustment that everyone expects. Then what? There will be a settling down of the whole industry—not so sharp as that in 1920-21, nor so drastic as that in 1929-32—but, speaking broadly, it will mean the same kind of watering down of profits and wages and purchasing power. With one exception: Worth Street. Thanks to the war, the mill owners and the commission houses have at last been able to put up the umbrella they always dreamed about. No more will mills produce gray goods in excess of the current demand, and so bring prices down. For one thing, they can't afford to. Raw cotton (protected under the Steagall amendment) and wages (protected by growing unions) will make speculative production just too expensive. For the first time in textile history it will be cheaper to keep mills closed than to produce against falling prices.

But even more important is the closer tie-up that has been established between the mills and their market. With a closer pulse on what the market will take, and closer control over what is produced, mills can now regulate their supply in order to keep prices from breaking sharply. Textiles will never again be subject to the competition they adore so volubly and fight so cleverly. There will be no more seven or eight-cent percales. And no more dollar housedresses.

New Orleans Has Its Face Lifted

by Ralph G. Martin

Mayor "Chep" Morrison has had a rough time making virtue as attractive to his voters as the easygoing ways of the old gang

FOR 54 years, New Orleans has been not only "the eatingest, drinkingest, paradingest city in the country," but also one of the most politically corrupt. Until last year there had been only one reform mayor in all that time, and he had lasted a single term. Lincoln Steffens described the formula long ago in his classic look at municipal politics. Corruption gets so bad in a city that the citizens finally rise up to kick out the Machine and elect an Honest Guy. But then their excitement dies down, the people settle back and forget about politics, and in the next election, the well organized machine sweeps right back in again.

A year ago, corruption drove the citizens of New Orleans to confirm the first postulate of Steffens' formula. They elected de Lesseps Story ("Chep") Morrison, an Honest Guy who campaigned as such, their mayor. Morrison surprised everyone, including himself, by beating the "unbeatable" Maestri machine, the last Louisiana remnant of Huey Long's regime. Flower-covered taxicabs celebrated the victory by streaming down St. Charles Avenue, honking their horns, while the citizenry threw confetti, waved flags and cheered the ten bands that paraded up and down in front of the old City Hall.

On April 12, the people of New Orleans tested the second of Steffens' postulates. After a year of reform, they went to the polls to vote on a bond issue backed to the hilt by Morrison and his administration, and opposed by most of the rascals Morrison had thrown out. It was a hard way to test reform: by vote, on a rainy day, on a dull matter like a bond issue. The vote was also a test of Morrison's gift of prophecy. At the time of his election, he had told a wildly cheering crowd that if he did everything he had to do, within a year lots of them would be booing instead of cheering him. The crowd had thought he was being funny.

House-cleaning a city

MORRISON'S year was almost up on the day of the bond vote. During nearly 12 months in office, he had cleaned house so thoroughly that he seemed to have stepped on practically everybody's toes. His first post-election suggestion that the city legalize gambling to get rid of the gangsters and collect some $7 million added income horrified the women's organizations and the clergy. Some businessmen were mad because they couldn't buy political favors any more; hotel owners were indignant when Board of Health inspectors actually started enforcing the law; night-club owners yelled bloody murder when Morrison withdrew cops

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Ralph G. Martin served as combat correspondent for Stars and Stripes *and* Yank *during the war, and some of his articles appear in* Yank: The GI Story of the War, *just published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce. He is the author of* The Boy from Nebraska: The Story of Ben Kuroki, *recently published by Harper.*

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who had acted as their private bouncers. Housewives complained when he didn't cut the sales tax; real-estate owners didn't like the plans for equitable tax reassessment; and reformers were disturbed when Chep cut off 1,000 political deadheads—wasn't he technically tampering with Civil Service?

Even his father-in-law, John S. Waterman, didn't like him any more. Waterman operated, among other things, a racing sheet, and when Morrison put the city's 7,000 bookies out of business, that hit Waterman where it hurt—his bankbook. In fact, Waterman got so mad that he instituted recall proceedings against his mayor son-in-law.

Reform must be tangible

BUT the most discouraging complaints came from the 262 precinct captains in Morrison's own brand-new political organization. They wanted patronage. The big downtown wards complained that the smaller uptown wards were getting too many jobs and the uptown wards complained they weren't getting enough. The truth was, all the appointees of ex-mayor and political boss Maestri had been frozen into their jobs, without tests, by a new civil-service law (which Morrison himself had introduced in the state legislature before the war).

So there he was, his organization discontented, his popularity at a low ebb, and the all-decisive bond issue coming up. Morrison knew the only hope of keeping reform government in New Orleans was to show the voters something tangible. Not a bank balance or a moral cleanup or fine, fancy words, but physical things like a modern civic center, badly needed street repairs, a central Union Station combining the city's scattered depots, underpasses and overpasses. The $23.5 million of the bond issue was to provide for all these needs. Tied in with the issue were other plans for a deep-water canal to double the port facilities, more playgrounds, parks, schools, quadrupled trade and air traffic.

That's what it meant: everything.

It was a tight squeeze. With the heavy rain and the light vote, the bond issue barely passed. The next day a front-page cartoon in the *Item* showed a man who represented New Orleans wiping the sweat from his anxious face. The caption was, "Whew!"

Ghosts and green pastures

HOWEVER narrow the margin, it was a solid victory. The voters' OK could mean a lot of things. It could mean, if the citizens wanted it to, that New Orleans was going to start reconstructing its foundations once the housecleaning was done. It could mean, if Morrison kept the voters with him, that the 5,000 unemployed gamblers around

Lithograph by Aaron Bohrod *Courtesy New York Public Library*

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town would have to give up the ghost and start looking for other jobs. The 10,000 prostitutes who once had their own police-protected cabstands, would have to move to greener pastures. No more graft worries for the old grocer who once complained to Chep that a detective had forced him to put a slot machine in his store, and he had to pay off the detective, the police sergeant and the cop on the beat.

If the face-lifting that Morrison has promised New Orleans pleases the town, then Boss Maestri may just as well take his million dollars and go down to Florida to relax: he's through. And if the people of New Orleans can keep Maestri and his counterparts and successors out of City Hall, they will have scoured out the leavings of a political machine as picturesque as any covered in the Steffens exposés.

A regal appointment

MAESTRI first became mayor back in 1936 when Huey Long was still the Louisiana Kingfish. Huey wasn't too pleased with the New Orleans incumbent, and Maestri hinted that he'd like to be mayor. Maestri had been one of the big-money boys behind Huey in the early days, so Huey slapped him on the back and said, why, sure.

Rather than put Maestri through the ordeal of an election (Maestri's grammar was so bad that he didn't like to make speeches), Huey grandly instructed his robot state legislature to pass laws stripping all the powers from the then mayor. That finally persuaded the mayor to quit and Huey appointed his friend Maestri to take over, extending his term from four to six years and giving him dictatorial powers of absolute veto and appointment.

To help out still further, Huey made a trip to New York to invite slot-machine king Frankie Costello to come down and take over. That provided Huey with enough money for "worthy causes" and gave Maestri lots of new friends to influence people.

The annual slot-machine take alone each year added up to an estimated $3 million, in addition to the heavy shakedown from pimps, gamblers, lottery boys, bookies and the rest of the flourishing Tenderloin. Maestri never had to worry about his slush fund. But Maestri himself didn't handle the rake-off; the Royal Family of 50 police captains did that.

What Maestri did was to act as the Big Power. He operated a "pot-kettle" budget: whenever you need money—dip in. Maestri dipped in to the tune of $300,000 a year for needy pressure groups, who guaranteed lots of votes. As a special service, the Boss lent his cops to hotels to act as house detectives. What's more, every respectable night club or gambling joint had its own private cop (who was paid well) just to be available in case a sucker got squawky. But Maestri was most generous with his cops during a strike. During the cab strike, the Boss ordered a cop to drive in the front seat with every scabbing driver.

When the Kingfish was assassinated, the state machine cracked quickly. By 1940, the People's League of Independent Voters had swept Sam Jones into the Governor's office. Elected to the state legislature in the same sweep was a 29-year-old Rhodes Scholar, "Chep" Morrison.

Chep acted as House Whip for Jones and soon earned a reputation as a bright boy with a hard mind. He attacked so much opposition legislation that when a bill came up concerning sweet potatoes, and Chep kept quiet, an opposition legislator jumped up and said, "At last we have a subject in which the gentleman from New Orleans has no interest."

The run-out

MAESTRI's first political opposition came when the Independent Citizens' group organized in 1945. They were well heeled and well organized, but they had no candidate to run against Maestri. They finally settled on Navy veteran Joe Fernandez, who had once run for Congress on the opposition ticket and lost. Stocky Scott Wilson, now Morrison's right-hand brain-truster, warned them they had picked a lemon, that Fernandez would run out on them. Sure enough, six weeks before primary time Fernandez announced that he didn't feel like running against Maestri. The doublecross was so raw that it made even a lot of "unpolitical" citizens mad enough to want to vote.

Left high and dry, the Independents sent out a dozen wires to people asking them please to be their candidate for mayor. With so many Costello mobsters in town, it was physically unhealthy to say yes, and nobody did. That's where Morrison came in. He had just been discharged from the Army, in which he had served as a lieutenant colonel in a port battalion. He was ready to take his wife and baby son on a long vacation when the Independents heard he was in town and moved in with the high pressure. The next morning they had a candidate.

"Them women" elected him

MORRISON was a natural—good record; young; handsome; old, respected family; war background.

The veterans organized for him and held big rallies, 1,500 of them volunteering as poll watchers. The women's groups consolidated, rang doorbells, paraded through town carrying brooms and posters, "Sweep the city clean. . . ." The town's three newspapers (which had supported Maestri in his early days) now blasted him daily. With the strike-breaking days fresh in mind, labor went solid for Chep.

Chep hit hard when he spoke. He picked up Maestri's slogan of "Don't rock the boat" and threw it right back at him. "Don't rock the boat. Don't disturb reconversion. Reconvert from what? From foul to fouler? From slippery to slick?"

Before breakfast he was at the trolley-car barns during the change in shift to talk to the workers. "My name is Morrison," he would say. He had a smile and a personality that delighted the women. The Colonial Dames postponed their annual meeting so that it would not interfere with registration at the polls. The *Times-Picayune* featured the primary on its society page as the main social event of the day. In one precinct where a man died before he could vote, his wife came to the polls later in the day with her two brothers, saying, "I'm doing this for Charley." She was also doing it for Chep. He carried that precinct by three votes.

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As Maestri put it to the press: "Them widow women beat me."

Sitting in a barber shop at the St. Charles Hotel the day after election, Chep heard the barber say to another customer, "I was sure surprised when that young feller beat Maestri." And Chep took the towel off his face, sat up and said, "So was I, brother. So was I."

Cops who rotate

ONCE in, Chep worked fast. One of his first official acts was to give up the mayor's power of absolute veto and appointment, putting final approval again in the hands of the democratic majority of the five commissioners.

Next, he repealed an ordinance. The week before election, he had been riding in one of the independent cabs, talking to the driver, asking how business was.

"Not so hot. Can't even get equal privileges at hotel hack stands. Yellow Cab's got the monopoly."

"That's not fair. The streets are public. If I get elected, I'll get that fixed up."

"Think so?"

"I think so."

Next on his list was the police. First, Morrison appointed a tough combat colonel as police superintendent. As soon as he announced the appointment, the Air Corps colonel who had directed Vets-for-Morrison flipped over to Maestri's side; he had wanted that job. Even more unhappy were the 400 cops. They were rotated like pinwheels, their graft tie-ups broken and then broken again before they could set up new ones. Besides rotating them, their new boss sent them through a special tough training course which weeded out a lot of them. Big, fat cops who had spent years relaxing in plush night-club chairs were transferred to traffic, and quit. Soon the original 400 had been trimmed in half and were replaced by veterans. Even more important, the 50 police captains had been cut down to 15, most of them new faces.

The overhauled police force then got orders to clean up and close up. The bookies who operated wide open all around City Hall got their walking papers. So did the rest of the Tenderloin, which complained loudly and bitterly that this young punk was draining the glamor out of the town. But Morrison wasn't changing the good food and the scenery; he was getting rid of some of the syphilis and crime.

CHEP MORRISON

"Good record; young; handsome; old, respected family . . ."

The "weed watchers" went too. They were a lot of Maestri deadheads on the city pay roll, paid to walk around and watch weeds. Under Civil Service, Morrison had to show cause before firing personnel, but the graft was easy to dig up and the new mayor bluffed out a lot of others. It added up to a thousand salaries saved.

Part of that found money went into salary increases. More of it went into the Department of Recreation for parks, the newly created Bureau of Juvenile Delinquency, a Public Health Training Center. It also went for more efficient garbage disposal, a brand-new Veterans' Department and another department called Latin American Affairs. The Department of Latin American Affairs is a small-scale state department to drum up trade and good will with the Americas. Morrison himself made three trips, visiting 20 Latin American countries. He was criticized for his travels, but they were part of the plan to boom trade for New Orleans—already second only to New York as a US shipping point for world trade. Besides planning a new $200 million Tidewater Canal to double the 100 ship berths and provide a new short and safe route, Morrison has been busy getting more and more air traffic to run through New Orleans. Officially, he has already changed the city's motto from "The City That Care Forgot" to "Air Hub of the Americas."

"A cocky colonel"

IF Chep has any bright ideas for a political future, and he probably has, he keeps his plans to himself. The only thing he says is that he wants to be as good a mayor as LaGuardia was. But his close friends say other things. They say that Chep can follow Sam Jones all the way up. Jones is likely to run for Governor again in '48, or else take on Ellender in the race for the US Senate. Passage of the bond issue has brightened the whole political picture for the Independents.

Now that Morrison has the money to do what he wants, local politicians say that his biggest problem is himself.

"Chep is still a colonel in a lot of ways. Too cocky, a little conceited and snobbish. He needs to get his ears pinned back a few times. But when that's done, he'll do a fine job. He's a good boy."

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China in the Year of the Pig

by Robert P. Martin

Ravaged by hunger and battle, China waits to see whether an American loan will prolong or shorten the agony of civil strife

SPRING has come early to China in 1947, the Year of the Pig. It is a spring that should be bright with the hope of bumper crops, of reconstruction in a land torn by war, of healing as the green sprouts curl above the dark earth. But in all China there is neither peace nor good will.

Historians may some day say that 1947 was China's year of decision. American mediation had failed the previous year. The struggle of Communist China and Nationalist China had become a continental war. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's China was splitting at the seams. It was a cumulative process, the result of war, economic stagnation and the greed of China's leaders. The war with Japan was over. The spontaneous outbursts of the peasants, long inured to hardship, were a protest against oppressions for which now they could see no reason. Above all, they recorded simply China's compelling need for change.

In April, a solemn conclave in Nanking gave China her first multi-party government, theoretically ending the 20-year one-party dictatorship of the Kuomintang and preparing the way for constitutional government. The new government was as representative as, and certainly more liberal than, any that China has had in recent history.

Robert P. Martin, the New York Post's correspondent in Shanghai, has covered the Orient for the past nine years.

But the reorganized government, like the constitution passed last December, seemed more of a concession to the United States than the expression of a people who have earned the right to govern themselves. General George C. Marshall, before leaving China last January, had insisted that the government be broadened and liberalized if the United States were to consider China's progress encouraging enough to warrant further financial assistance.

Chiang may have wanted to liberalize his government in an effort to unify his people. But the more compelling urge is his need of American aid. Inflation has skittered far beyond the bounds of safety: the government's note issue is estimated variously to be between $3,500 billion and $4,500 billion, or roughly 10 times the V-J Day figure. In the last week of April, prices of essential commodities in Shanghai jumped 20 to 50 percent in three days. Labor unrest and student strikes have increased proportionately, and the toll of bankrupt small businessmen and private factories, pinched by heavy taxation, high interest rates and excessive labor costs, has mounted.

The Generalissimo needs American military aid as much as financial aid. His air force is 90 percent non-operational. Secretary Marshall has frozen all aircraft parts that may reach China under surplus-property sales. The lack of adequate Chinese maintenance is becoming daily more evident. The score or more airplane engines that the Nationalists received when American headquarters were demobilized in Peiping have eased the pressure only slightly. There are parts to spare in Szechwan and Yunnan Provinces, but no means to transport them overland to North China. The B-24 group which bombed Kalgan and Yenan (although not too effectively) has been hopelessly grounded at Shanghai.

Chiang's reserves of ammunition for his American-trained and equipped divisions are estimated as sufficient for from three months to one year of limited combat. His gasoline supplies are running low, but can be replenished. Above all, however, he needs the certainty of American assistance. Considering the temper of the American Congress and in view of the Kuomintang's "heroic struggle" against communism, the Chinese are certain that aid will be granted. This assurance is so great that many Chinese quip they should charge the US interest because the loan is months overdue.

The Generalissimo, an astute politician and a careful student of world events, has gambled before that America would not fail him and has won. Now he has tried to satisfy Secretary Marshall's insistence on a liberal constitution and a broadened government. Probably he recognizes that the American people do not like war, but he knows they like communism even less. The prize, undisputed control of the largest homogeneous mass of people in the world, is too great for him to resist. Chiang, the militarist, has chosen to seek total military victory.

Kill or be killed

ACROSS the surface of unrest, Chiang and the Communists have woven a pattern of civil war of countrywide dimensions. China's battlefields, in the twenty-second month of the civil war which flared up immediately after V-J Day, form a crazy-quilt of many hues and diverse shapes. As Communist guerrillas double back on the flanks of pursuing armored columns, the frontal battle lines, such as they are, have moved far to the north. In the shadows of the Great Wall winding majestically from the Po-Hai to the sandy wastelands of Mongolia; in the sullen foot-

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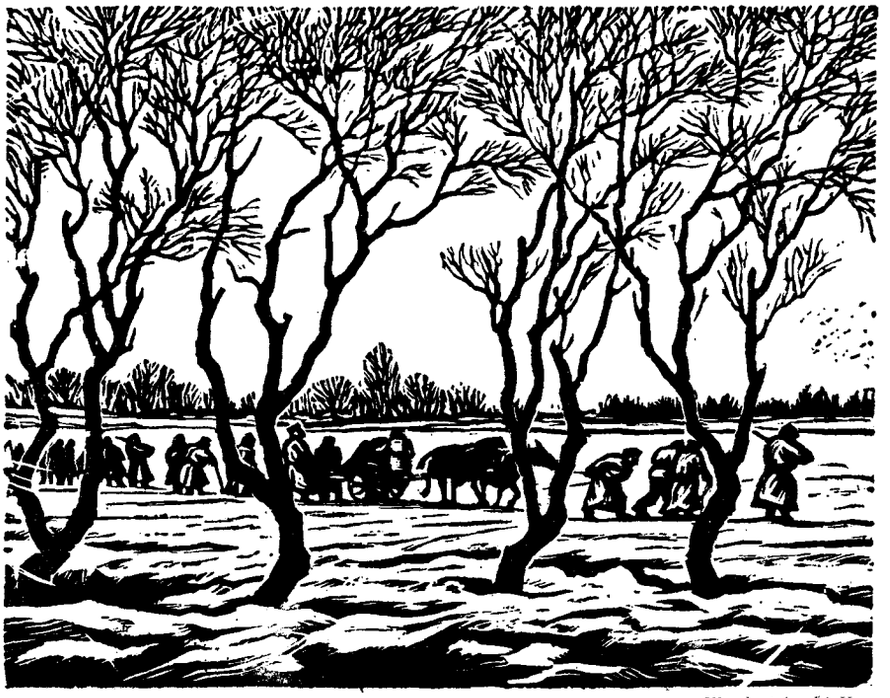

Woodcut by Li Hwa

hills and the scarred mountain passes of Shantung; in the rolling lowlands which billow up from the Sungari River in Manchuria, south of Harbin; in these places the Chinese are fighting a war that has little meaning other than the essential one of killing to avoid being killed.

Long Nationalist tentacles made up primarily of armored spearheads thrust greedily along North China's railway network. Behind them combat engineers (supervising conscript labor) lay track in a desperate effort to revitalize the two north-south arteries, the Peiping-Hankow and Tientsin-Pukow railways. The industrial cities of Shanghai, Tientsin, and Hankow are starved for coal, iron, cotton and food. Restoration of the railroads is necessary if Kuomintang China is to slow down the creeping paralysis which is deadening every channel of energy. With his armies spread ever thinner to garrison territory gobbled up from the Communists, Chiang needs functioning railroads to keep his American-equipped divisions supplied with ammunition and gasoline.

Will-o'-the-wisp war

If restoration of railways is the Nationalist objective, its prevention is the core of Communist strategy. Weaker in numbers and hampered by inferior equipment, the Communists place complete dependence on mobile, guerrilla warfare. Their strategy is simple and all-encompassing: to disrupt Kuomintang China's communications and undermine an already shaky economic structure to the point where the Nationalists must face the alternatives of complete ruin or a negotiated peace. Communist leaders, fighting for their lives as well as an ideology, have accepted the Nationalist dictum of rule or ruin and, in taking up the challenge, make it seem certain that China will emerge from the ordeal prostrate and shattered beyond belief.

How effectively the Communist strategy is working can be seen in railway-rehabilitation figures: more telephone poles and ties have been sent to North China than were in place before the Japanese invasion of 1937. As fast as the Nationalists rebuild newly conquered sections, the Communists swing behind them and destroy other sections. The losses have been so serious that UNRRA has debated the halting of all shipments of railroad equipment north of the Huai River.

This is a war of attrition, a will-o'-the-wisp contest. The results of battles can only be determined months later when dispersed divisions have regrouped and "pacified" areas have reflamed in agony.

Last fall, for example, Nanking announced that the rich coastal province of Kiangsu had been cleared of Communist troops, thus freeing both Nanking and Shanghai from the Red threat. Six months later, however, Communist troops were on the attack almost within marching range of Nanking.

Opium dens and brothels

Western military observers, accustomed to the mass slaughter of atomic bombs, blockbusters and naval bombardments, comment cynically that China's civil war is of "peanut size." But in the degree to which it affects the lives of millions of people, China's war is as obscene and revolting as any in recent history.

Villages and cities on the fringe of the battlefields are choked with the starving, disease-ridden refugees. With communications to the interior and the rear disrupted by military movements, food is scarce and prices have skyrocketed beyond the reach of the peasants.

Among the shopkeepers and the restaurant owners one finds deep-seated hatred of the Nationalist armies. Law and discipline are amenities which few civilians hope to enjoy. Soldiers seize what they need, or eat in the restaurants without paying. Civilians in the villages watch impassively when troops march by. But the turn of the head, the tight fumbling at their blue-cotton gowns disclose their apprehensions. They know too well the freedom that soldiers exercise—seizing food and houses for billets and, with wanton levity, burning furniture for firewood.

Martial law is generally enforced in all areas adjacent to battle zones and curfew starts at dusk. Civilians returning home late to the mud-walled barricaded towns are thrown into jail. Robberies and holdups are frequent. Black markets, opium dens and brothels operate openly in many of the towns, with the tacit consent, if not the open encouragement, of Nationalist commanders.

The great tragedy of civil war is seen most clearly in the tremendous expanse of untilled fields, the blinding dust storms that sweep across the plains of North China. This is a land of terrifying erosion and devastating floods; only constant care and irrigation will keep the yellow loess anchored so it can be

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used to produce the rice and wheat that China needs.

Millions of peasants have fled the land. Unable to till their paddies in the devastation of war, entire families—even villages—have drifted away to the rear. The young men have fled to the cities hoping to evade conscription; the others seek jobs and food until they can return in peace.

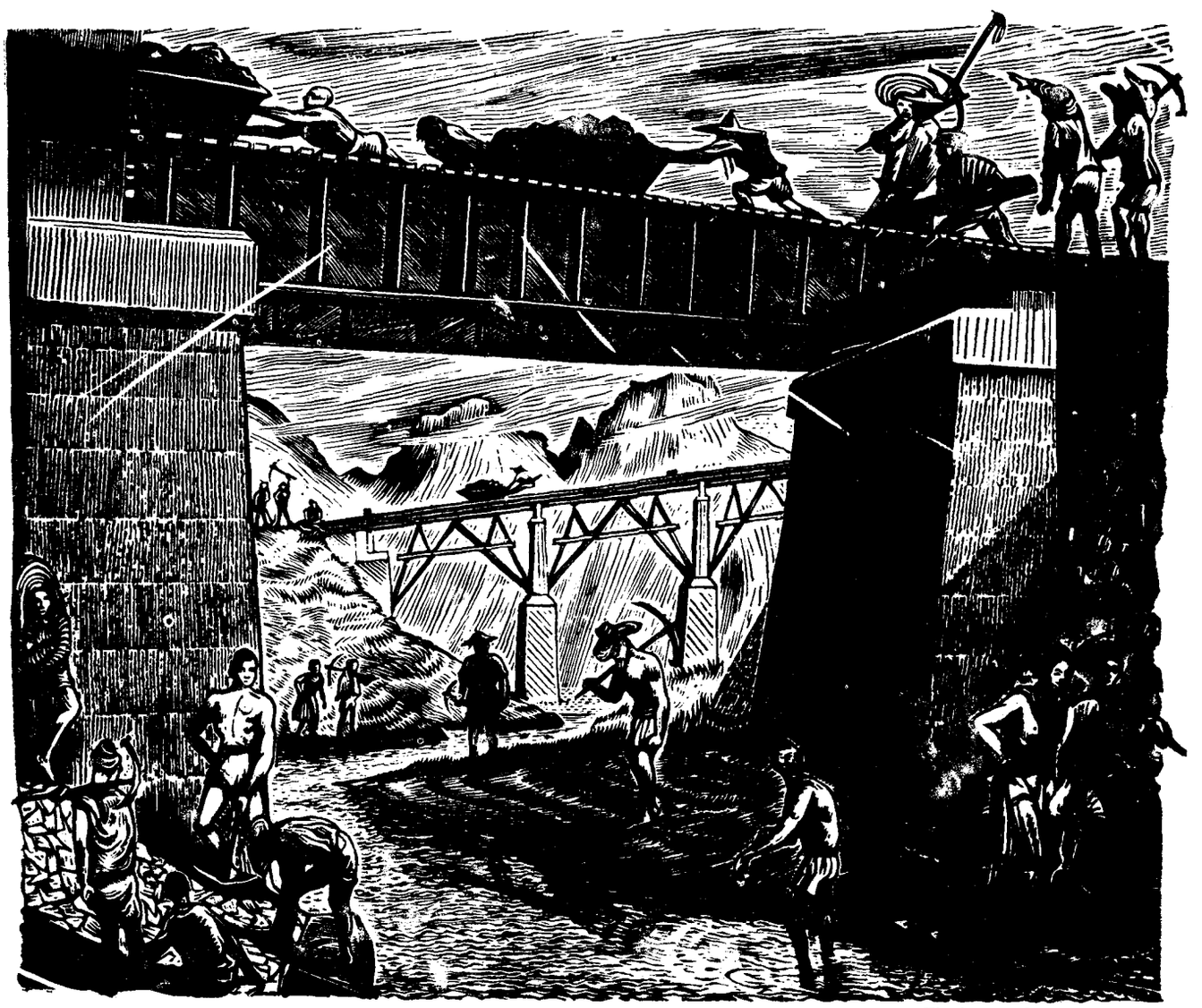
To live, even in painful misery and unceasing fear, in the "recovered" areas which Chiang has seized from the Communists, the peasant must forever seal his lips. An incautious word of praise for the Communists or a derogatory word about the Kuomintang is sufficient to require "repentance" at one of the "reformatories" the Kuomintang has established in all of the recovered areas. These camps are not only for political and military prisoners. Chinese in those areas have told me that many occupants were "betrayed" by landlords who wanted to dispossess them, or by other peasants motivated by revenge.

Ossification of a state

THE awesome tragedy of China's civil war is that Generalissimo Chiang either does not know history or has ignored two great historical lessons. The first is that never in modern times has China been united by force alone. Yuan Shih-kai, Wu Pei-fu, Chang Tso-lin—all of the great war lords—tried and failed. Even the successful Northern Expedition in 1925-26, led by the Generalissimo himself, was victorious only because it was a revolutionary movement and because it held hope for a people crushed in feudal slavery.

The second lesson has been best put by historian Kenneth Scott Latourette: "As the T'ang, the Sung, the Ming and Ch'ing [dynasties] perfected that system on which the Ch'in and the Han had begun to organize the state—a bureaucracy dependent on the Emperor and drilled in a particular social philosophy—ossification set in. A system relentlessly applied threatened to ruin a great people." Today, this principle is equally applicable to the Kuomintang.

Throughout Chinese history, the first sign of the collapse of a central government has been the revolt and breaking away of perimeter provinces. Disaffection today has not yet reached provincial proportions because the peasants still lack leadership and arms. But the fierce sense of wrong, the feeling that there should be more in life than



Woodcut by Hwang Yung Tsan

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starvation and suffering, is endemic in all the villages from the mountains to the sea.

In the far west, the Generalissimo's corrupt and feudal war-lord allies (Generals Ma Hung-kwei of Ninghsia, Ma Pu-hsiang of Chinghai, Yen Hsi-shan of Shansi and Liu Wen-hui of Sikang) still pay obeisance to Nanking, but Chinese liken them to "Native Kings." Though they have not deserted the Generalissimo, they concentrate their energies more on preserving their local tyranny than on helping Nanking establish unity either by force or negotiation.

In the populous hinterland, where life flows more smoothly than in embattled North China, there have been sharp outbursts of violence. Chinese reports give meager accounts of uprisings in Shensi, Sikang, Szechwan, Kweichow, Hunan, Kwangsi, Kwangtung and around Lake Tai, southwest of Shanghai. Formosa, too, has been in revolt. Exorbitant land taxes, rice requisitions and conscription have brought normally peaceful farmers and fishermen together in desperate efforts to rid themselves of oppression.

Generally the local authorities have been able to quell the revolts with their ill trained but armed militia. Occasionally, however, the peasants have succeeded in disarming the local garrisons and established their own regimes. One report said that at least 30 percent of rich, fertile Kwangtung Province is in the hands of various rebels.

Ideas v. bullets

THE Kuomintang had—and may still have—its great opportunity to win the civil war, not with bullets but with ideas and with action. To succeed, it must match the challenge of communism.

When the Communists moved into a fresh area during the war, their basic task was to win the support of the peasants. Their methods were sharp and incisive: they secured a modicum of loyalty by redistribution of land (or reduced rents), by reduction of taxes, by subordinating the military to the civil government. The peasant not only received a greater proportion of the fruits of his toil in the field, but he was given some medical care, permitted to participate in his local government and even taught the rudiments of the written language.

Despite these obvious advantages, China's peasants, almost without exception, at first welcomed return of the Kuomintang. This was not because the Communists failed them so completely, but because the Nationalist armies gave them greater hope for stability, for freedom from uncertainty. The peasants, terribly weary of civil war, wanted only to farm their lands in peace. As long as the Communists were there, war hovered on each doorstep. Nationalist planes flicked overhead, bombing and machine-gunning villages.

Landlords at the tail end

BASICALLY, the Chinese peasant is a conservative, honest tiller of the soil, not a class-conscious revolutionary. He was cautious of Communist land distribution because he was certain that Nationalist troops would return, and in their wake the rent-hungry landlords. The political diet was often indigestible because the Communists lacked time and experienced leaders (except in the border areas which they have controlled for years) to educate a population that is largely illiterate and highly superstitious.

The Nationalists moved into this political and economic vacuum created by the Communist retreat. The manner in which they met the challenge of Communist China was the most grievous blunder that the Nanking government has made since the end of the Japanese war. The challenge was to prove to the peasant that the government could give him more food, better clothes and a greater degree of social service than did the Communists, and at the same time protect him from oppression by the military and the greedy landlords.

But the Kuomintang offered only words and promises, not deeds. The government decreed that landlords should regain their lands but should not evict tenants and should not collect rents for the period during which the Communists were in control. Rents were ordered reduced from 50 percent to 37.5 percent. Government and provincial banks were instructed to assist peasants with low-interest, long-term loans. Taxes were ordered abolished for periods ranging from six months to one year.

Every peasant this correspondent has talked to in various "recovered areas" admits that his landlords, who rode the tail end of the military trains, were still collecting the customary 50-percent (in some cases, as high as 70 percent) rentals. Many insisted on collecting rents not only for the period when the Communists were in the area but also for the years of the Japanese occupation. Failure to pay meant eviction from the land, contrary to the government's orders. Local and provincial taxes were levied as soon as governmental machinery had been reëstablished. The government's pledge to provide loans for the needy was rarely fulfilled.

Army commanders were instructed by Nanking to coöperate with the peasants, to refrain from rice seizures and "from unduly burdening the peasant." But labor conscription has continued apace, to rebuild military highways and defense works. Entire villages have been cleared of civilians to provide quarters for troops. Families living on sub-subsistence levels were impoverished by the crushing burden of maintaining the Nationalist armies.

A vast unrest

PROBABLY it is too much to expect the Kuomintang and the army to institute the reforms which alone would gain the support of China's peasants. For 20 years the Kuomintang, army and national government have been synonymous. The provincial and local administrations are rock-hard cores of reaction. Greed and the necessities of civil war, the alliance of mutual interest between the Kuomintang hierarchy and the landlords, have erected a barrier between the government and the peasant that is insurmountable.

This barrier, unless it is destroyed—and soon—will drive China deeper into the chaos which is now consuming her energies and the lifeblood of her people. The vast unrest that washes slowly from east to west, from north to south, as yet marked only by the peasant revolts in the hinterland, cannot forever be contained.

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Books in Review

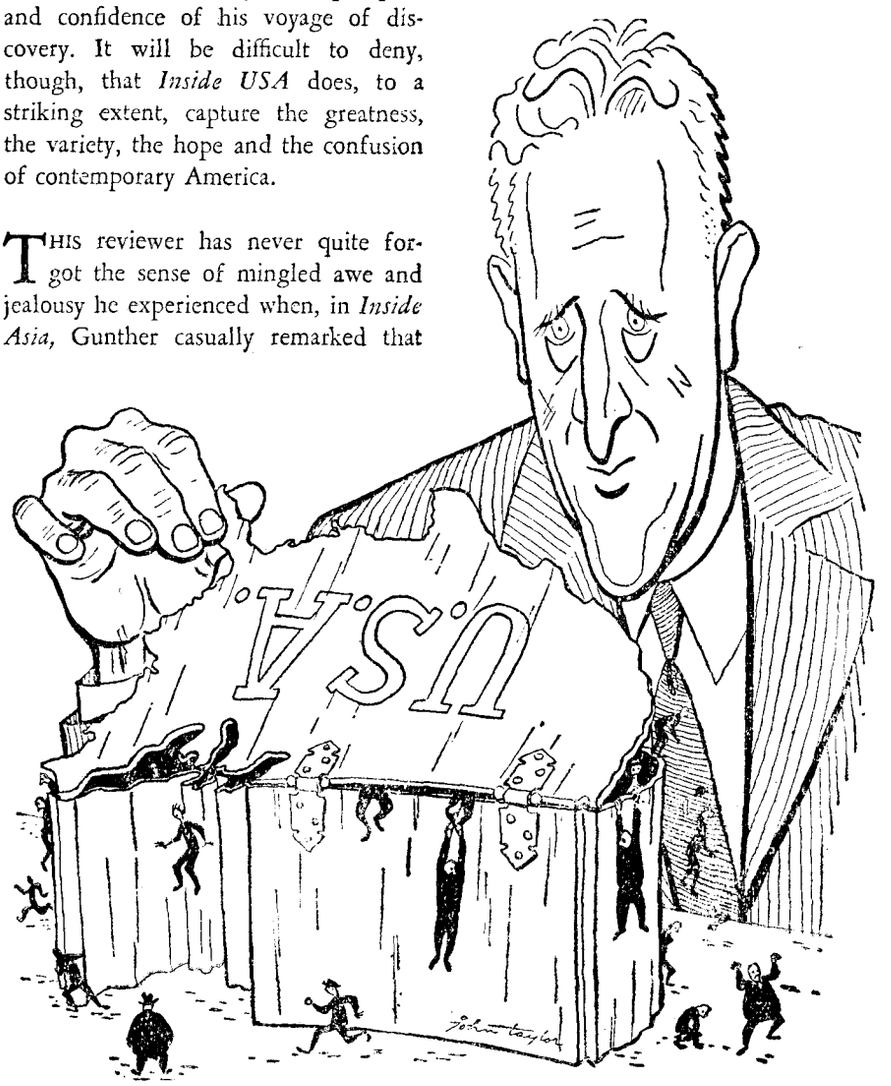
It's a Big Country, Mister

INSIDE USA, by John Gunther (Harper and Brothers; $5).

TOWARD the beginning of his *Inside USA,* John Gunther calls the United States "the greatest, craziest, most dangerous, least stable, most spectacular, least grown-up and most powerful and magnificent nation ever known." It is, on the whole, a nice tribute, which his book handsomely justifies, and it is only fair to say in return that the author is the warmest, gayest, sprightliest, friendliest, least inhibited, most spiritually youthful and altogether the most engaging American reporter ever to examine the state of his own country. On occasion he is given to wondering how the national spectacle would look to that long-awaited investigator from Mars. It is one of the interesting qualities of John Gunther that, amid all his vast patriotic enthusiasm for his native land, he is able to look about him with just the frank sense of wonder and astonishment that might be hoped for from the visiting Martian. *Inside USA* seems to me not only Gunther's most spectacular performance but his most picturesque and colorful work as well.

His previous wholesale contemplations of Europe, Asia and Latin America have been faced by skeptical critics who, not without signs of envy, have suggested that his brash and hasty generalizations about distant climes might fool the unwary in the faraway United States but looked pretty silly to those who knew the places he discussed. Let him, they have implicitly challenged, write about places and people his readers knew, and they would be rapidly disillusioned. My own impression was that his volume on Asia, for example, had the soundness necessary to disprove any such dismissal, but, by taking up the implied dare and using the familiar methods of his other *Inside* books where we could all check up on him, he assuredly put himself to the ultimate test. The result is not hard to foresee. Gunther will be picked up on innumerable charges of factual errors—I have a little list of them myself—and he will be bitterly denounced by the deep South, by partisans of bosses like Hague and Crump and Senators like Wherry, Bushfield, McKellar, O'Daniel, Taft and Bricker, by reactionaries and New Deal haters throughout the country, and by innumerable quibblers, earnest-minded historians and editorial writers, outraged chambers of commerce and manufacturers' associations, and readers made uncomfortable by the rapid pace and confidence of his voyage of discovery. It will be difficult to deny, though, that *Inside USA* does, to a striking extent, capture the greatness, the variety, the hope and the confusion of contemporary America.

THIS reviewer has never quite forgot the sense of mingled awe and jealousy he experienced when, in *Inside Asia,* Gunther casually remarked that the history of China was so long and her language so difficult he regretted he could devote just a few pages to explaining them—and then proceeded to do so with skill and spirit. It was the achievement of a virtuoso and a man of daring, and both qualities were called for in even greater abundance in the planning, gathering of material, and writing connected with *Inside USA.* The easiest part of it must have been the travel involved. He spent more than a year visiting every one of the 48 states and virtually all of the cities, and talking at length with all kinds of people. The result of his observations and investigations is a



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book of 52 chapters and 920 pages (979, if you count the special list of the people he talked to, the bibliography and the index), which discusses all the states, individually and in regional groups; considers at some length Henry Kaiser, Stassen, Dewey, Vandenberg, Saltonstall and other eminent citizens; contemplates the Southern problem and the matter of the Negroes, applauds the TVA, the MVA and such liberals as Wayne Morse, Glen Taylor, Ellis Arnall and Wilson Wyatt, tackles most of the issues currently rife in the country and goes in for some lively and, on the whole, optimistic conclusions. Clifton Fadiman has already called the book "a complex and sometimes bewildering mixture of geography, topography, history, reportage, political and social analysis, character-portraiture, biography, speculation, gossip and wisecracks," which, save for the "bewildering" and the use of that fancy word, "reportage," strikes me as a helpful description.

Inside USA is more valuable for its reporting than for its generalizations, which occasionally seem based chiefly on the author's good will and blithe spirit. And the evidence which his skill as a reporter provides, while giving cause for hopefulness about the future, has its depressing aspects.

IT IS CERTAINLY heart-warming to read of the variety and vitality of American life, of the instinctive democracy and generosity of our people, with their many racial strains, of the glories of the melting pot, of our material and humanistic achievements, of the great fighters for human liberty who have brightened our history. The only trouble is that, when you recall how splendid this background and record are, it is difficult not to start wondering why, with such a tradition behind us, Gunther's evidence, as well as the evidence of all other careful students of contemporary American life, shows so little of its fine, bold spirit left in us.

Such melancholy reflections, while suggested by John Gunther's book, should cause no one to forget that it is basically a gay and cheerful work, filled with the vitality and gusto characteristic of American life at its best. There are so many good things in it—from the description of Bricker as "a vast vacuum occasionally crossed by homeless, wandering clichés," and the reminder of the ridiculous "Happy" Chandler's plan to call off the Allied invasion of Europe, to the strange information that Coolidge once translated Dante—that it is just as well not to start listing them. I wonder if today Gunther would write of Fulbright of Arkansas as flatteringly as he did and I deplore his hasty by-passing of my native state of West Virginia, but *Inside USA* is quite a book.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

The Highest Tribunal

THE NINE YOUNG MEN, by Wesley McCune (Harper and Brothers; $3.50).
LIONS UNDER THE THRONE, by Charles P. Curtis Jr. (Houghton Mifflin Company; $3.50).

ONE OFTEN WONDERS at the dearth of layman's literature on the Supreme Court. Certainly there is no lack of material or popular interest or dramatic appeal. Yet the workings of our unique judicial institution remain largely obscured behind the clouds of legalisms emitted by the Justices in their formal opinions. It would be much better for the political health of the nation if a few more people understood what goes on within the marble walls of the Supreme Court Building in Washington. Two new books on the Court are therefore most welcome.

One of them, unfortunately, will not add much to the popular understanding of the Court or even to the entertainment of the reader. *The Nine Young Men* is a journalistic endeavor to paint the portraits of the present Justices in terms of their decisions. Although written from an open-minded point of view, and in sprightly journalese, the book fails both as journalism and law.

McCune's trouble lies largely with his method. His plan is to devote one chapter to each of the Justices. After a brief biographical sketch, these chapters consist mainly of short summaries of the particular Justice's opinions—majority, concurring or dissenting. Usually not more than a paragraph—in some cases a sentence—suffices to dispose of the particular case. Thus in the chapter on Hugo L. Black, the author attempts to handle some 70 of Black's decisions in a space of 20 pages. The reader is left woefully uninformed upon the cases, sometimes confused and usually bored.

Sandwiched between these chapters on the individual Justices are chapters which discuss the Court's decisions in a particular field of law. These are no more successful and for the same reason. In the chapter on labor, a heroic effort is made to summarize 27 of the leading cases in nine pages. In the chapter on the anti-trust laws, the decisions on the use of the basing-point system are disposed of in 10 lines. The result is a sort of journalistic legal hornbook, of doubtful value to layman or lawyer.

Lions Under the Throne is on a wholly different level. The author is a graduate of the Harvard Law School and a member of one of Boston's oldest and most distinguished law firms. But the tone and value of the book are better conveyed by identifying him as one of the editors of *The Practical Cogitator*. The book is written with wit and elegance. It is a penetrating analysis, with philosophic overtones, of the operation of the Court in applying legal concepts to constitutional issues.

CURTIS' main thesis is that the decisions of the Supreme Court on constitutional issues are not decisions compelled by the legal formulas in which the case is enmeshed by counsel and in which the opinion is cast by the Justices themselves, but are determinations based upon political, economic, and social considerations. Consequently the Court should be viewed, not as a law court, but as an integral part of the governmental structure whose function it is, in coöperation with the other organs of government, to give expression to the underlying philosophy of the nation. And Curtis quotes an extract of Bacon, from which he derives his title: "Let judges also remember that Solomon's throne was supported by lions on both sides. Let them be lions, but yet lions under the throne."

The approach is hardly a novel one, at least to the coming generation of lawyers. Indeed it can be pressed far

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beyond the boundaries of constitutional issues, to which Curtis confines it. But its revelation to the general public, in the author's entertaining and devastating manner, is an important and genuine contribution.

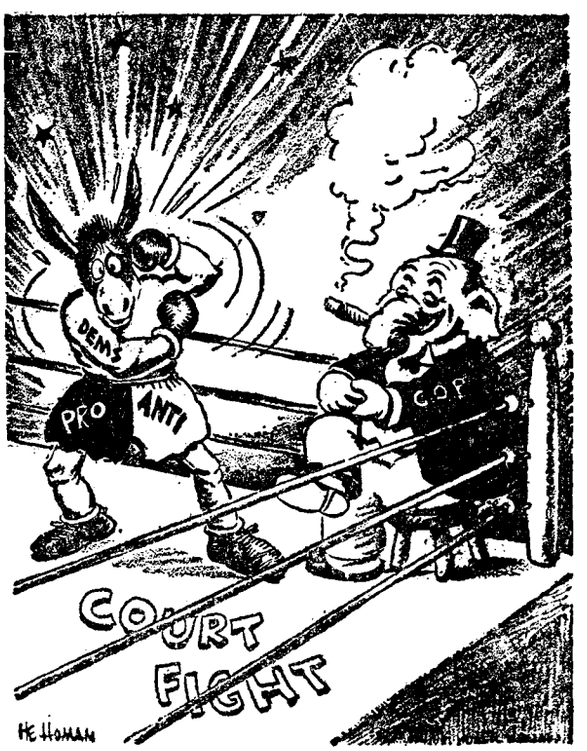
Curtis elaborates his thesis with a brilliant analysis of the struggle of the Court over New Deal legislation. He demonstrates how the underlying premises of Van Devanter, McReynolds, Sutherland and Butler, derived from "the pioneer life of Mr. Turner's frontier," found expression in decisions striking down the first Railroad Retirement Act, the NRA, the AAA, the Guffey Coal Act and minimum-wage legislation, threatening the legal foundation of the entire New Deal. The story is vividly told. In retrospect it seems even more fantastic than it did at the time.

Pushing beyond the reconstruction of the Court, Curtis then analyzes two of the developing issues of the present time—federal-state relations and personal liberties. Here again he shows how the traditional tools of the legal profession offer little or no help in the solution of these problems.

The book carries us to the brink of some far-reaching inquiries. If the Supreme Court is not "a court of law" but an Executive Council, what place does it have in the structure of a democratic government? If the issues are political, social and economic, what democratic values should its members assume as their basic premises? What sort of information—from economics, sociology, psychology and the other sciences—should the Court possess in order to reach an intelligent conclusion, and how should the Court obtain such information? How do considerations of this sort actually apply in concrete cases? These questions remain largely unanswered. They are the subject matter for much work yet to be done.

THOMAS I. EMERSON

Thomas I. Emerson, a professor at Yale Law School, has served as General Counsel for the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion and deputy administrator for enforcement with the OPA.



1937 *Homan in the Wilmington* Morning News

"IN A NEUTRAL CORNER"

Fiction Parade

THE END IS NOT YET, by Fritz von Unruh (Storm; $3.50).

THE GIRL AND THE FERRYMAN, by Ernst Wiechert (Pilot Press; $2.75).

IT MAY NEVER HAPPEN, by V. S. Pritchett (Reynal and Hitchcock; $2.50).

BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA, by William Abrahams (Dial Press; $2.75).

FRITZ VON UNRUH is one of those rare artists who consider their work a vocation. Solemnly dedicated to a high calling, theirs is often a didactic religious temperament, and their personal lives, by their habits, their achievements and even their tragedies, are often an example of or experiment in their teaching. Such was von Unruh's renunciation of his caste and rank at the beginning of his literary career when he resigned a commission in the German army which was his by right of long training and by descent from an ancient Junker family. Ever since his first play was produced by Max Reinhardt in 1911, he has been known as one of Europe's most eloquent prophets of anti-militarism. In 1940 he escaped the Nazis in France, and since then has lived in America, where he wrote his new book.

Deprived by exile of his accustomed medium, the stage, von Unruh "had to resort to that other form of art which is called the novel." More precise is the author's description of the book as a "panorama of our apocalyptic age . . . in dramatic prose."

There is a story. A dancer, invited to perform for Hitler at Berchtesgaden, steals the dictator's will and escapes to Paris pursued by all the people interested in obtaining the document. The narrative keeps so close to actual names, events, dates and places that it will seem already familiar to the newspaper reader of the past ten years.

But the plot is only the hors d'oeuvres to this supper of horrors, and it has served its purpose when it introduces the intimate scenes of the Nazi hierarchy: Hitler, Hess, Goering and the rest of the gang. In their council rooms of megalomania, in their calculated blasphemies and in the debauches of a suffocating Teutonic luxury, their mental processes are portrayed as the workings of the evil principle.

This is not an intellectual evaluation of Nazism (or militarism, with which it is identified), but an indictment in dramatic form of the human heart. "Here in your own self-seeking, the Nazi in you begins. . . . Everyone is involved."

Von Unruh's specific analysis, in moral-psychological terms, is less satisfactory. War is possible "in the twentieth century," he says, because "there is something wrong in us. . . . Perhaps the cause of all evil is . . . sexual desire." As a consequence, the call to arms is answered by the "chorus of concupiscence."

On the other hand, the teacher: "Not only to exhibit [Nazism] . . . but to point out the possibility of its eradication . . . was the sense of this work." To this end he suggests, "There must be some fixed point of reference . . . a love

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no longer bound up with the 'You' and the 'I'." He instructs: "Become yourself," for "the man who dares to speak out and say I—has thrown open the lion gates of peace."

This is no occasion to analyze or further criticize a text which is as yet unfamiliar to the reader; it may simply be remarked that the magnificent dramatic scenes of human corruption are disappointingly simplified in vague analysis and exhortative moralizing. It is not unusual that the didactic artist, from his religious sense of man's nature and destiny, seeks to create a whole morality from his artistic experiences. (D. H. Lawrence is the recent and most extreme example in English literature.) A cleavage results in the work. The formulated philosophy is personal, emotional and half-baked, but the energy and variety of the creative genius and the grand anger of a profound sense of evil remain.

BOOK CLUB SELECTIONS FOR JUNE

BOOK FIND CLUB. *Behind the Silken Curtain,* by Bartley C. Crum. A plea for a Jewish state by a member of the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry on Palestine. Reviewed April 14.

BOOK LEAGUE. *Summer Stranger,* by Louise Field Cooper. The uneventful record of a young girl, a poor relation, under the sponsorship of her well-to-do relatives for a summer.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB. *Inside USA,* by John Gunther. Reviewed in this issue.

DOLLAR BOOK CLUB. *Banner by the Wayside,* by Samuel Hopkins Adams. A romantic novel of upstate New York a century ago, plotted entirely by coincidence.

LITERARY GUILD. *Kingsblood Royal,* by Sinclair Lewis. A novel of racial bigotry in the North. "A pure joy to see Lewis swinging from the heels again . . ." Bucklin Moon in the *New Republic,* May 26.

FAMILY READING CLUB. *Home Country,* by Ernie Pyle. A collection of prewar articles about America by the GI's favorite war reporter.

NON-FICTION BOOK CLUB. *Nuremberg Diary,* by G. M. Gilbert. A record by a psychologist on the Nuremberg prison staff.

PEOPLE'S BOOK CLUB. *Nearby,* by Elizabeth Yates. A sentimental, didactic novel about a young school teacher in a New England village.

PROGRESSIVE BOOK CLUB. *The Other Room,* by W. T. Hedden. An interracial novel in which a Virginia girl loses her prejudice through teaching at a Negro school.

ERNST WIECHERT is another German writer with a high reputation in Europe who is almost unknown in America. *The Girl and the Ferryman* is his first novel to be published here. It is a story of simple people living in the forests of southeast Prussia, and without being contrived or oversimplified, it is reminiscent of German fairy tales, deriving from the same kind of unconscious experience which forms the symbols of myth. Jurgen, the Ferryman, lives alone, and because of his ungainliness and his gift (or curse) of second sight, is the joke of the nearby villages. Marte is a young girl who recognizes and loves the goodness of the man and offers to live with him and care for him. The conflict of this idyll is introduced by an itinerant preacher who dispenses the word of God according to the designs of the Devil. He persuades Marte that unless she yields to his seduction he will curse her life with Jurgen, and because she is convinced of the inexorability of his powers, she accepts the fallacy that the only way to escape evil is by yielding to it.

What gives the book its peculiar strength is the way the moral issues are kept personalized, and the way Jurgen is identified with the elements of his world, so that he personifies, in his character and life, the river, his boat, the forest and his field. This is the kind of thing many writers have attempted with little reward for their audacity, but Ernst Wiechert manages a beautiful success.

I CAN think of nothing published in the last year that can compare with the best stories in V. S. Pritchett's new book, *It May Never Happen.* The characters are from the English middle class, and the pattern of their lives is as familiar to Pritchett as if he had made it. The conventions are ruthlessly stereotyped, and its origins, as ruthlessly materialist, are "in that part of the Protestant tradition which deals with the conflicts of the inner life by annihilating the inner life altogether."

The outer life is the life of Business, and this writer has a rare sense for small offices, stores and warehouses, for drudging clerks, swindlers and bosses, for the tyrannies, jargon, bluff and lies. It is a theme of which Dickens was the great master, and in which he has had few followers, but to the Micawbers, Dombeys and Uriah Heeps, Pritchett has added several classic figures of his own. His businesses are small firms, usually tottering or collapsed, and among the ruins sits the last heir of fake bourgeois optimism, his vanity reduced to a smug satisfaction in the general collapse of business around him.

The writer has a delightful gift for sensuous communication, for the picture, for textures, for precise gesture. His characters are identified by an abundance of exact idiom and physical characteristics, with just that touch of the peculiar that recognizes them as individuals. These elements are ordered by a wit that derives from a critical intelligence and a consistently satirical viewpoint. Pritchett can be hilariously funny, but it is a hilarity in which serious things are said, while the laugh, though it may be loud, is usually out of the other side of the mouth.

WILLIAM ABRAHAMS' second novel, *By the Beautiful Sea,* might be called the triumph of manner over matter, except that it would be misleading to give any idea of victory. The author is a young man who has enjoyed the happiest literary influences, and from too much of a good thing has devised a style which depends on a flirtatious sentence structure and a free association of such contemporary banalities as the "dry martini" and "impromptu affection."

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Returning from the war, Charles Brand joins his wife at a Florida resort. Because he had broken the habit of his former civilian routine, he achieves a critical detachment from it and yearns for a life that isn't merely lethalized by expensive sunshine "to play animal." But the author doesn't suggest any convincing alternative. In fact, with no real concern for his characters, his satire of their lives makes them contemptible, and we are happy to leave them stranded in "this zero peace . . . this zero life, no questions asked." JOHN FARRELLY

A Reader's List

In *Jim Crow America* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, $3) Earl Conrad, who considers himself an "abolitionist," writes of Jim Crow as seen by a white reporter for a Negro newspaper. Combining autobiography, history and reporting, he argues for Negro integration by presenting facts and opinions concerning Negro labor, literature, education, restrictive covenants, the rape of Negro women and racial stereotypes. More authoritative in tone than thinking, the book is another example of the selectivity with which crusading whites often approach the complexity of Negro life. At the turn of the century they reduced it to the spirituals; during the twenties to jazz. Conrad's much too simple solution is to ally the Negro with labor.

The Memory of Certain Persons, by John Erskine (Lippincott, $4). Writing in the ripeness of his sixty-eighth year, John Erskine resavors his threefold career as an artist—writer, pianist and teacher. With few regrets and a good word for practically everybody (even including the Columbia University trustees), he can look back on a lifetime of satisfying work and friendships. New York in the horse-car era, Columbia, Amherst, Juilliard, the AEF University in France in 1919—Erskine remembers them all chiefly in terms of the people he worked with. And apparently he never forgets a middle name or an academic connection. This charming autobiography is the record of a fortunate and happy life gratefully recalled.

Labor

Wage Security

YOU could throw a rock at random from the galleries of either House of Congress and the chances of hitting a genuine New Dealer would be pretty slender. But the forces which created the New Deal—if one accepts Roosevelt's economic objective as a long search for a method of stabilizing modern American capitalism—are still in existence, and men outside Congress, if not within, are still seeking the answers. A possible one cropped up recently in the Latimer Report on Guaranteed Wages—a report far more significant than the sketchy newspaper accounts suggested.

When Philip Murray and the United Steelworkers recently asked a guaranteed annual wage from US Steel, the demand was treated as a bargaining issue and discussed only briefly. But it would be a mistake to underrate the importance which many CIO unions attach to a guaranteed wage as a long-term goal. Half a dozen AFL unions, including the chemical workers, the cement workers and David Dubinsky's International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, are also deeply interested.

The objective of a guaranteed wage, *i.e.,* a minimum annual income guaranteed wage earners whether or not their company is producing goods and "employing" them on a full-time basis, is certain to become as important in future contract negotiations as union demands for welfare funds and elimination of pay inequities have recently been. The Latimer report, bluntly stating that guaranteed wages are feasible and socially desirable, will furnish the raw material around which negotiations will center.

The inception of the report goes back to the lifetime of President Roosevelt. He appointed an advisory board, attached to the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion, to explore the "possibility" of the development of annual-wage plans "as an aid in the stabilization of employment and the regulation of production." Businessmen, farm leaders, union spokesmen and public representatives became members of the board and Murray W. Latimer headed the research staff.

An enormous mass of economic data was collected and classified. The Federal Security Agency supplied figures on the costs of joblessness, loss of wages and the working of the unemployment-compensation system. The Labor Department's Bureau of Labor Statistics made a survey of guaranteed-wage plans which had already been tried out in various industries.

Professors Alvin Hansen of Harvard University and Paul A. Samuelson of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology contributed an over-all study of our economic problems and the part guaranteed-wage plans might play in checking the more violent fluctuations.

BRIEFLY summarized, the Latimer report emphasized these conclusions:

¶ Any "successful" guaranteed-wage plan must be "highly individualistic." It must be tailored to a particular industry or a particular employer within that industry. Guaranteed-wage plans, therefore, cannot be created by legislative fiat and are a proper subject for careful collective bargaining.

¶ A "guarantee" of minimum annual earnings to workers becomes meaningless if the potential liability of an employer is too high. Some limitation of liability is essential and the best type of limitation, generally speaking, is one that restricts the employer's maximum obligation to 10 percent, for example, of his full-time annual pay roll.

¶ There are major advantages to an employer who guarantees wages under such a system and the gross costs can be substantially reduced. Workers have a tendency to stay with this employer; turnover is small; hiring and training expenses are reduced; the management can swiftly move into full-scale production. In some cases, management can escape premium overtime pay under the

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Fair Labor Standards Act during seasonal bursts of high production, which partially offsets any costs under the guarantee for seasonal idleness.

¶ A wage guarantee should be tied to the national unemployment-compensation system, so that workers receiving the guaranteed wage during periods of idleness would not be disqualified for public unemployment indemnities. The unemployment-compensation system should be revised to liberalize the situations under which an employer guaranteeing an annual wage can balance high production periods against seasonal slacks without undue overtime premiums.

¶ Guaranteed wages are not a panacea for the ills of our society. A depression cycle must be attacked by other weapons, such as public works, minimum wages, anti-monopoly measures, expanding foreign trade and sound monetary policies. But a widespread system of guaranteed wages, sustaining mass purchasing power at the beginning of an economic slump, would itself tend to prevent a "recession" from turning into a full-scale "depression."

NONE of this is likely to impress the hard-shelled industrialist or congressman who thinks unemployment compensation is a devil's device to "pay men for not working." But even the reluctant 79th Congress recognized that our society cannot meet its problems without sustaining high production, high national income and high purchasing power. That was the significance of the Full Employment Act of 1946, however inadequate its terms and however hesitant their application this year.

Limited experience with existing guaranteed-wage plans, such as that of George A. Hormel and Company, has proved their feasibility, and unions increasingly are turning from their old-fashioned, narrow interest in hourly wages to concern for the more significant factor of adequate yearly income.

The Latimer report will be carefully studied by alert management and union leaders. A copy can be obtained for $.2 from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. WILLARD SHELTON

United Nations News

Across the Mediterranean

THERE was gossip at Flushing Meadow during the closing days of the special General Assembly on Palestine, and while it had no actual connection with the problem under discussion, it was peculiarly related. For the gossip concerned another equally difficult question which the UN has never quite resolved: what to do about Franco Spain.

Some time this week or next the question of Spain will be handed back to the Security Council. Any UN member may, at any time, request Security Council action on such issues. According to UN delegates, Uruguay, either alone or with Venezuela, will present a letter to the Secretary-General. The letter will refer to last December's resolution condemning the Franco government, barring it from UN activities and requesting the withdrawal of ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary stationed in Spain. More specifically, the letter will be based on a paragraph in the resolution which reads:

"The General Assembly recommends that if within a reasonable time there is not established a government which derives its authority from the consent of the governed . . . the Security Council consider the adequate measures to be taken in order to remedy the situation."

The Security Council will now be forced to define "a reasonable time"; to decide whether that time has already expired. If it has expired, its job is to indicate what "adequate measures" can be taken, and if it hasn't expired, to set the date when it will. The request is particularly well timed.

Spain has just been dropped from the International Civil Aviation Organization in compliance with the resolution. All UN members know that Argentina, in defiance of the resolution, dispatched a new ambassador to Madrid; that both El Salvador and the Dominican Republic now have ministers plenipotentiary there. These, Franco's most ardent supporters within the UN, have gone too far even for the United Kingdom and the United States, which forced on the Assembly the unsatisfactory compromise resolution. Of the six countries maintaining ambassadors or ministers in Madrid at the time the resolution was passed, only the Netherlands, Great Britain and Liberia have complied. This is 50-percent compliance for an organization with worldwide scope and power.

The letter will be well timed, too, in view of the recent general strike in northern Spain—the strongest political strike ever held under a fascist regime and one unmatched in the history of Fascist Italy or Nazi Germany. Moreover, the request will reach the Security Council at a time when Alexandre Parodi, France's strongly anti-Franco delegate, is chairman of the Council. He will undoubtedly see that the matter is placed on the agenda and may even be able to influence the final vote on action to be taken. It is just possible that Parodi may be able to convince the Council's new members—anti-Franco Belgium, wary Colombia and Syria—that the prestige and influence of the UN must not be sabotaged either by UN members or by Francisco Franco.

THE Security Council, which has been discussing what kind of border incidents may be handled by the subsidiary group of the Balkan Investigating Commission, found itself in the middle of a decidedly undiplomatic skirmish last week. The Yugoslav representative was explaining that his country had cooperated with the commission itself, but saw no need for a subsidiary body. One of the reasons, it seemed, was the provoking fascist regime in Greece. Herschel Johnson, US representative in Austin's absence, considered the attack on the Greek government "extraneous."

"Is it in order for this tirade to continue . . . ?" he asked. "This is the most astonishing statement I have ever listened to in the Security Council."

Andrei Gromyko jumped into the fight, said he would like "to ask the representative of the United States not

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to interrupt the speaker and to allow us to work in a normal atmosphere."

Johnson was firm. "I do not recognize the right of the representative of the Soviet Union to give me instructions as to when or how I shall speak."

"The representative of the United States is mistaken if he thinks that he is the arbitrator in such questions," Gromyko rejoined.

The bitter exchange would not be important except that it points up the resentment between US and USSR representatives in the United Nations. Even though Johnson in this case may have been right, such scenes can only make the ultimate solution of real problems more difficult. One delegation adviser said, "It wouldn't have happened if Austin had been here." But it did happen, and even US delegation members agreed ruefully that "people's temperaments differ."

NOTES ON GENERAL ASSEMBLY SESSIONS. – There is an excitement about a General Assembly session that somehow doesn't accompany the meetings of any other UN organ. It is a stimulating and exhausting kind of excitement that has something to do with ceremony, composition, problems handled and final decisions reached. All nations are represented at an Assembly; only a handful are represented at other meetings. In general, countries send their most important representatives to the Assembly. It is the forum of the UN. These men meet in impressive array at the New York City Building and the opening ceremony is properly dignified and correct for the world organization. Delegates, press and Secretariat are united in working for a successful Assembly. Morale is high. The UN achieves a real *esprit*.

The problems on the agenda are usually both important and explosive. By the nature of the meeting, some decision must be reached on them. It may be a good, a bad, a temporary or a final decision, but the Assembly does not adjourn until it has come to some sort of agreement. The Special Assembly on Palestine, although smaller, shorter, less exhausting and less disruptive than the regular session, had this same "Assembly character." JANE BEDELL

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Radio

Half a Loaf

A FEW weeks ago, I had the temerity to point out, at a "Radio in Crisis" meeting in New York, that there really are some good things on the air. I urged that listeners and practitioners alike seek out evidences of the good to encourage in radio as well as the bad, vulgar or anti-social to condemn. Dr. Frank Kingdon, who followed me to the rostrum, insisted that the shows I had praised and the radio people I had named were but "crumbs." Since the air belongs to the people, he wanted the people to have the loaf.

Well, in the last few months, I have tasted a number of crumbs. I write this immediately after a full-hour documentary-forum, entitled "Slums," broadcast over the ABC network. This is the same network which, in February, produced three half-hour shows that went quite thoroughly into the ailments of the teaching profession. It's also the network which, last summer, let me hear John Hersey's "Hiroshima" on four successive nights. It put "World Security Workshop" on the air for 26 weeks.

Another network, CBS, organized a documentary unit some months ago that made my spine tingle with "The Empty Noose," produced the night 11 Nazi leaders dangled from ropes in Nuremberg. In February, CBS gave me "The Eagle's Brood," a 60-minute documentary on juvenile delinquency. In March, it fed me an hour of dramatization about our country's lack of medical facilities for all. And in every one of these cases, CBS canceled a half-hour of commercial time to let me in on the tidbits.

Crumbs? Maybe. But tasty, believe me. And there is a way of getting more. Let your local station, or the network, know when you've heard something you liked—and send your bouquet with as much speed and gusto as you might heave a brick. But first: be sure you have listened.

Not all kickers are listeners. One of Cleveland's most effective radio editors, Robert A. Stephan of the *Plain Dealer*, recently got his readers to gang up on the local stations with demands for more symphonic music on the air. It was a swell campaign, until the program director of WHK hired some statisticians to make a survey. They telephoned 138 of the letter-writers at one time while the Cleveland Orchestra was on the air, and next day when the NBC Symphony Orchestra was broadcasting. Out of the 138, exactly 100 (72.5 percent) either had their radios shut off at the time or were listening to other programs.

ONE encouraging aspect of the documentary work done on CBS and ABC is that the people running the shows are young men who have learned something from their war work.

At CBS, Edward R. Murrow is the vice-president responsible for the documentary unit. If you remember the heart-breaking and heart-warming confidence and coolness of "This is . . . London" during the dark days of the war, you'll be pleased to know that Murrow is still fighting, even though his voice has been silenced under a halo of brass. Directly in charge of the documentaries under Murrow is Robert P. (the initial, cross my heart, stands for Peace) Heller. He was associated with Frank Capra's documentary film unit for the War Department; then, as a civilian, and as an Army private, he worked in Hollywood on the orientation film series, "Why We Fight."

Robert Kintner, executive vice-president of ABC, is the big gun who must authorize the documentaries on that network. He got his big boost as a Washington correspondent for ABC during the most hectic days of the war. Under him, directly in charge of "public-service" shows, is Robert Saudek, who learned about psychological warfare while managing ABSIE (American Broadcasting System in Europe) for the Office of War Information.

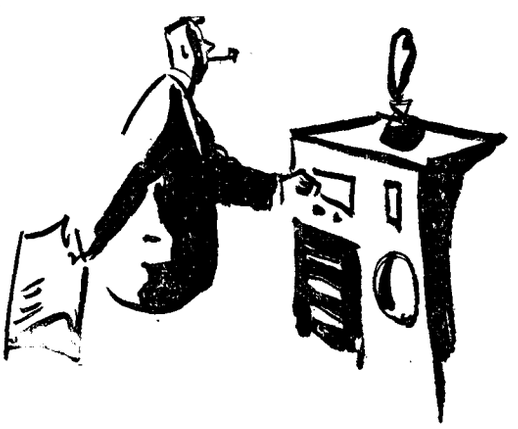
The "Slums" show produced by Saudek, which I just heard, made use of another great war reporter, George Hicks. Using the technique he learned in his war-radio work, Hicks took a wire recorder into slums in New York, Pittsburgh, Detroit and other cities. Keener editing would have made for a considerably sharper effect, but despite its production faults, the show did take the listener into the heart of slumland.

After a half-hour session of Hicks's recordings, held together by excellent narrative (written by Robert S. Greene), the network put on a 30-minute forum on the slum problem. No holds were barred; a lot of heat was engendered and many angry noises were made. A few sound ideas came through also, with endorsement of a broad federal housing program getting the nod from two of the disputants as well as in Hicks's final summary.

CBS will have a big documentary on August 14, V-J Day. ABC will undoubtedly have others.

NOT technically in the documentary category but worth listening to if you read this soon enough, is a repeat performance of "The Stirring Blood," scheduled for June 2 (8 p.m., E.D.T.) over NBC. This "Cavalcade of America" show was first broadcast, under du Pont sponsorship, on March 10. It dramatizes the meaning and importance of the RH blood factor. It is rare that radio repeats good performances. This one, as done the first time, starring Lee Bowman and Una Merkel, was tops.

SAUL CARSON



Drawing by Bernard Golden

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Music

Sounds of Spring

THE festivals that bloom in the spring are annual decorations of the academic landscape. This spring both Harvard and Columbia have made special contributions to the progress of music. Columbia's third annual festival of American music added a page to the history of the American lyric stage by presenting the première of "The Mother of Us All," the second and final operatic collaboration of Virgil Thomson and the late Gertrude Stein. At Harvard more than a hundred music critics attending a three-day Symposium on Music Criticism heard notable addresses by the novelist E. M. Forster, the art historian Edgar Wind, the musicologist Paul Henry Lang and others, and listened to nightly public concerts of new music commissioned for the occasion.

Back in 1934 the first Stein-Thomson opera, "Four Saints in Three Acts," sung by a Negro cast in cellophane costumes, was a paradox. It made virtually no sense, yet it was full of touching moments. "The Mother of Us All" preserves much of the same kind of affecting sentiment, but it also has meaning. It tells of Susan B. Anthony's struggle on behalf of woman suffrage, centering its attention on the perplexity of this woman who wanted all women to be equal to men, but, after she had gained her point, was not sure she had been right in the first place.

The music has a simplicity of style which hides the extent of its subtlety and sophistication. It follows the inflections of the words with wonderful naturalness, and provides a perfect ironic counterpart for the pseudo-simplicity of Gertrude Stein's circular ideas and repetitious word patterns. "The Mother of Us All" is not exciting, but it is interesting, witty and reasonably intelligible, and it could well be produced by local operatic organizations across the country.

Several musical works presented at the Harvard symposium were of commanding stature. Aaron Copland's "In

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the Beginning," a setting of the story of creation as told in the Book of Genesis, combines superb handling of the voices with vital musical ideas, and is the strongest choral piece yet written by an American-born composer. Paul Hindemith's "Apparebit Repentina Dies," written to a medieval text and employing chorus and brass instruments, achieves an architectonic scope rare in choral music since the time of Bach and Handel. Martha Graham concluded the symposium with a new group dance, "Night Journey" (to an intense score by William Schuman), a somewhat unfinished but profoundly impressive attempt to tell the ancient Oedipus story by portraying through dance movement Jocasta's subconscious understanding of her own destiny.

ONE of the masterpieces of recent phonographic recordings is Pierre Monteux's performance of Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," an epoch-making score which he conducted when the ballet was first given by the Diaghilev Ballet Russe in Paris 34 years ago. He transmits to his San Francisco Symphony Orchestra his unsurpassed grasp of its design, continuity, daring instrumental texture and urgent rhythmic impulse (Victor DM-1052, $4.85).

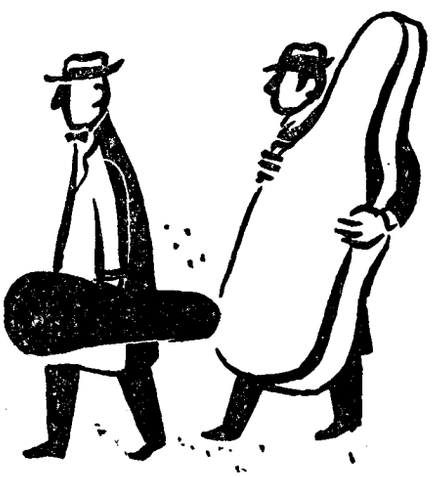
A different aspect of musical history is brought to life in the second issue of Victor's Heritage Series; repressings of long discontinued vocal records by great singers of the past. Especially notable among the five double-faced discs are Celestina Boninsegna's majestic soprano voice in arias from Verdi's "Aïda" and "The Masked Ball." All the records were originally made between 1905 and 1914, but they sound more realistic and less tinny than their age might suggest (Victor 15-1005 through 15-1009, $3.50 each, on vinylite).

William Kapell, the young American pianist whose reputation up to now has rested too largely on flashy technique, reveals a serious, self-effacing musical devotion in a fine recording with William Primrose of the dark-hued Brahms F minor Sonata for Viola and Piano (Victor DM-1106, $3.85). Sir Thomas Beecham, combing orchestral literature for something to record with the London Philharmonic, has come up with Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony, a work in some disrepute because it is conventional in material and lengthy in development. The odd side contains the overture to Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito." The playing of both works is straightforward and cleanly recorded (Victor DM-1104, $4.85).

AMONG the most evocative and sensitive American songs on discs are those of Paul Bowles, to words of Charles Ford, entitled "Night without Sleep." They are simply and engagingly sung by Romolo de Spirito, tenor, but the reproduction is rather lifeless (Disc 730, $3.93). Also worth hearing for the innocent charm of both music and performance are the "Creole Songs" sung by Adelaide van Wey, contralto (Disc 629, $3.15). Darius Milhaud, David Diamond and several less imaginative composers have made orchestral settings of short folk pieces, with results of variable interest, in albums of "Jewish Holiday Dances" and "Palestine Dances" (Vox 192 and 191, $3.93 each).

In the realm of light music, imitation Scotch tunes are available in the excerpts from "Brigadoon" (Victor P-178, $4.75) and imitation Irish tunes in Victor Herbert's "Eileen" (Victor K-2, $4.00). Heard away from the theatre, the "Brigadoon" music makes one wish that Agnes de Mille's dances and Oliver Smith's settings could have been recorded instead. "Eileen," on the other hand, represents Herbert's invention at its best, and is quite pleasant despite the slushy radio type of orchestration Al Goodman employs.

CECIL SMITH



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Henry Wallace

(*Continued from page 12*)

water from the Central Valley Project to the millionaire farmers who have vast holdings in Kern and Tulare Counties.

The resentment against the actions of the Republican Congress all along the West Coast is strong. Californians know that the Republicans in Congress voted 186 to 9 against a move to increase the reclamation appropriations, while the Democrats voted 130 to 11 in favor of the increase.

Economy was given as the reason for cutting down these more than self-liquidating projects, but everyone here knows that pressure from the big farming interests was the reason for this major Republican blunder.

So progressive sentiment is rising among farmers on the West Coast. It is rising also among professional groups, whom I found to be utterly wearied by the present divisions in the progressive and trade-union movements. They are confused and divided by the attacks on Russia and on communism, which seem so out of all proportion to any possible real danger. Talking to motion-picture workers in Hollywood, I sensed, as I had already felt in Minneapolis and Chicago, that witch-hunting and the anti-Communist crusade have spent their strength and are on the decline.

The latest Hollywood investigation by the Un-American Activities Committee proved a farce. Hollywood conservatives testified before the Thomas committee on their own initiative; but unfortunately for them, a good many people assumed that these witnesses were themselves under investigation. The climax of an absurd performance came when Mrs. Lela Rogers, on behalf of the conservative Motion Picture Alliance, defended her daughter Ginger for refusing to utter the awful Communist line, "Share and share alike—that's democracy." I found all of California rocking with loud, healthy laughter at these antics.

So, for many reasons, the professional groups are overcoming their old fears, laying aside their old differences, and returning to participation in public affairs.

Looking out over 27,000 faces at the Gilmore Stadium in Los Angeles, I realized how deep is the desire of Americans for a new political faith. This audience applauded long at the name of Helen Gahagan Douglas for her outspoken and courageous opposition to the Truman Doctrine. It also cheered the assertion that if Americans find no means of political expression in the two major parties, they will find other means. Throughout this journey, I have found sentiment for a third party strong among many groups, so strong that I have tried to emphasize that the first problem now is create, not a third, but a second party. Progressives feel that the Democratic Party has betrayed its heritage by its present conservatism. They are disgusted at the abject surrender of the Administration to the Republican majority in Congress.

Local Democratic leaders are coming to recognize this danger. A few of them support the Truman Doctrine, without enthusiasm. Others condemn it privately, but in public remain silent in the belief that that is what loyal party men should do. In contrast to this attitude, the Los Angeles County Committee of the Democratic Party, under Rollin McNitt, has adopted a first-rate statement condemning the Truman Doctrine. Unless the Democratic Party becomes liberal and expresses the growing liberal sentiment of Americans, I am certain that it will go down to disastrous defeat next year.

On my way out to the airport as we left for San Francisco, I talked to an old-timer in Los Angeles. "We're changing fast," he said. "We're growing up. We haven't had a high flier like Aimee McPherson for a long time now. We aren't giddy any more. I guess we're getting dull. All these new industries have brought a lot of smog with them, and taken away a lot of our sunshine. They've brought a kind of sober feeling. We don't want to fool around any longer. And," he added, "we don't want to be fooled."

H. W.

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Movies

Miracle in Herald Square

LAST WEEK I voiced a hope for more bright nonsense on the screen, and this week "Miracle on 34th Street" was previewed for early release. It is a charming film, in part about a budding romance between Macy's and Gimbel's, but mostly about Santa Claus. The old gentleman (named Kris Kringle) is completely real, though the state of New York tries in a fine, big, foolish trial to prove he doesn't exist. The point, developed quite deftly, is that if a few maladjusted people were able to prove Kringle daffy enough to be committed, they would have to prove most of the world crazy along with him. With Santa's loving kindness gone, little children would wither, lovers would be even nastier to each other than they are normally, the commerce of the nation would be imperiled and the results politically would be too frightening even to contemplate.

"MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET" isn't great art or high comedy, but it is good entertainment. Edmund Gwenn, a discriminating actor I've seen until now only on the stage (he made his first film in 1924 and has been acting in all for 52 years), plays Santa Claus. Next to his honey of a performance, the one to take home with you, wrapped in tinsel, is Gene Lockhart as Judge Henry X. Harper. The other characters worth watching are a little girl with a dream face who is only fairly well up on the intricacies of bubble gum, whatever she may think, and a fat 17-year-old boy who is being psychoanalyzed by an odd-fellow who does something about R. H. Macy's personnel. The little girl is Natalie Wood, the young man is Alvin Greenman. As a group, child actors have acquired a phoniness rarely equaled by any other class of actors, but these two struck me as alluring.

The picture starts with a handsome, meticulous old man, in a real beard, correcting a window-dresser who is arranging a display involving a sleigh and reindeer—Prancer is behind Dancer, or some such serious error. The old man wanders up to the Park, where some real deer, not a bit shy, flock to him. Then he proceeds to Seventy-seventh Street, where the Macy Thanksgiving Day Parade is about to start. The hired Santa Claus connected with it is terrible at cracking a whip, so our aged, helpful friend lends him a hand. Kris is outraged to discover that—cotton wool, red flannel and all—Macy's Santa is tight as a mink.

The whole of New York City awaits the opening of the Christmas shopping season, crowds line the street, a great illusion can be built or shattered—and Santa Claus is looping. Of course, the lady in charge, played by Maureen O'Hara, who is not what you would call an enterprising actress, hires Kris. He is a terrific success, Macy's engages him for the whole season, and he starts practically running the World's Largest Store. By sending disappointed customers to other stores to find what Macy's doesn't have, he wins their weary gratitude and business skyrockets. This drives the executives of Gimbel's almost out of their minds, and the neighboring firms engage in a contest to become the emporium with the kindest heart.

"Miracle on 34th Street" is almost all due to George Seaton, who wrote and directed it. John Payne, of whom it can be said that he seems amiable, plays the lawyer who defends the person and the idea of Santa Claus.

SOME movies are bad and hopeless; "The Other Love," which Enterprise Studios has entrusted to United Artists to sell, is bad and irritating. The annoying thing is that it is again an instance of able people accepting a stupid scenario, going through with it, and getting away with it. There is no doubt that they get away with it when, surely with no illusions as to its merits, they can sell a picture to a big outfit and have it shown in the theatres of the nation.

From an unpublished story by Erich

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Maria Remarque, Harry Brown (he wrote *A Walk in the Sun*) and Ladislas Fodor have written the screenplay. Andre de Toth directed; with Barbara Stanwyck and David Niven in the starring roles. Richard Conte (Rivera in "A Walk in the Sun") is featured. These are name people who have, with expensive care, put together a platitudinous, pretentious piece of junk that is just ponderous enough to fool some of the customers. Gravely, and with a certain amount of false weight, they rehash an obvious story that goes from a very swank sanitarium high on a mountain top, to the gambling tables of Monte Carlo, to a "palatial" yacht, to a deathroom in the hospital, to a chalet where open fires and open pianos abound.

The lady in the story is a tubercular concert pianist whom you will remember. As a group, the queens of the ivories get more diseases and go daft more often than the run of mortals. This is so that the études and sonatas can be dragged in with less effort—and in this case with practically no effect. Turning to my keeper, I said: "She's going to die all the way through this movie; you know it and I know it." What I hadn't known was that the producer, David Lewis, was going to let the whole thing be so incredible, or so interminable.

The yacht in "The Other Love" is not played by the *Queen Mary*. It is a lesser craft and somewhat smaller.

SHIRLEY O'HARA

CONTE AND STANWYCK

Correspondence

In the Aisle

SIR: Your treatment of Hooperism ["Hooperism Clears the Air," by Thomas Whiteside, the *New Republic*, May 5] provided a very sunny start to a very rainy day.

I read it coming in on a train from Connecticut (a train well studded with hucksters) this morning and may have launched a rumor on Radio Row. You know: "He's gone nuts—convulsed with laughter reading the *New Republic!*"

Really, it was terrific.

C. E. HOOPER

New York City

P. S. And how do I straighten out the readers on our company's finances? . . . [A press release] which went to subscribers yesterday tells how C. E. Hooper, Inc., *doesn't* "make" a million dollars a year.

British Underground in Palestine

SIR: The other day I met in the house of Jewish friends a strongly built Englishman in mufti whom I remembered having met before in the uniform of a British staff officer.

"Mr. L——, the leader of the British underground movement in Palestine," the host introduced him smilingly. "That's right," L—— confirmed, "I have gone underground in the full sense of the word." I gathered that Mr. and Mrs. L—— have taken residence in the basement of their friends' house in order to escape deportation.

"I served in Palestine during the war," L—— said. "I love this country, and I believe in it. After the war I sold all my property in England and established a commercial firm in Palestine. Deportation would have meant economic ruin to me. Palestine is our second homeland. Moreover, there is a matter of principle: I am a free man. Being well acquainted with conditions in this country, I considered the deportations superfluous and nonsensical."

L—— has none of the different passes the ordinary citizen in Jerusalem is now supposed to carry with him. He is not in a position to visit his British friends living in the security zones. He cannot afford to travel. He depends on his Jewish friends, just as any Jew was dependent on his Aryan protectors in the Third Reich.

But he does not regret his decision. Despite all the restrictions, he considers himself freer than those British who obeyed the deportation order. He is in

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close contact with British friends who have also "gone underground." Absolved from the customary social obligations of "colonial society," he is now in a position to do a great deal more work than before.

L—— is very outspoken about the latest measures of the military; he considers them useless. "It is as if you were bombarding mosquitoes with shells," he says; "you are sure to hit the people on whose noses the bloodsuckers dwell."

As to the question of how to end terrorism, L—— recommends that "Bevin grant 4,000 immigration certificates per month pending the decision of the UN, on condition that immigration would stop irrevocably if any fresh outbreak of violence occurred. In this way coöperation of all Palestine Jewry would be secured: the terrorists could hardly risk going ahead with their crimes. This Bevin, or at least his advisers, should know. As long as this line is not adopted, one wonders whether the new measures are really meant to combat terrorism or whether they are calculated to bring about the ruin of the Jewish National Home in Palestine."

THEODORE F. MEYSELS

Jerusalem

Embarrassment of Responses

SIR: Little did I know that my note in the February 24 issue of the *New Republic,* requesting an exchange with one of your readers for the *New Statesman and Nation,* would cause such a deluge. And to prevent a serious breach with American liberalism it would be only fair of me to warn the 523-odd people that I have only a single modest copy to dispose of; having passed on as many addresses as I can and kept the three proposals of marriage, I would like to explain that I am not a film star with unlimited secretaries and will not be able to reply to all the generosity of your readers. It does prove, however, that if only it could be organized in some way, there is a huge demand for exchange of "progressive" opinion—and since Wallace has been over here, even more so. But I am afraid that my postman has carried his share of the burden.

MICHAEL BAGENAL

Cambridge, England

Only Yesterday

SIR: During the year 1916, there was a great deal of turmoil in Mexico just as there is in Greece today. The "bandits" (today they are called Communists), headed by Pancho Villa, were on the rampage, and the so-called government was frantic because it was unable to subdue "a few bandits." The situation for the government became serious, so through the use of some excellent propaganda it induced the US to send General Pershing and the National Guard down there to "guard the border." The reactionaries wanted to capture Pancho and get the US involved in a war with the bandits. But World War I intervened and Pershing was recalled.

In 1922 the mess finally boiled over. There was a full-blown revolution and the government asked the help of the US.

For once we had some intelligence in the State Department and refused to intercede. The result was a thorough house-cleaning of all the reactionaries and the establishment of a democratic and hard-working government. As all of us now know, Mexico has made more progress in the last 25 years than she had in the 400 years before that time. It is interesting to think of what the conditions would be now in that country if we had interceded and beaten the Communists (pardon me, the bandits).

Albert Lea, Minn. W. J. LARSON

The Greek Terror

SIR: . . . Immediately after President Truman proposed aid to Greece and Turkey, official and unofficial Greek governmental forces started a new and most bold murderous attack against the democratic Greeks, the fighters of National Resistance. Once more no criminal is being arrested, and what is even worse, the Ministers themselves not only do not take any interest in persecuting those responsible for murders but shamelessly excuse the murderers and urge them on to new crimes.

The courts martial again started issuing decisions, through procedures with no judicial guarantees, sentencing democratic soldiers and citizens to death. With the murder, by criminals wearing military uniforms, of three more printers some days ago in the Salonica plant of the daily *Agonistis*—which was guarded by gendarmes—the publication of the few democratic papers still issued becomes problematic. Needless to add that none of the criminals was arrested in this case either. The American intervention threatens to perpetuate this situation, which, without a doubt, will not bend our heroic people.

It is indispensable, however, for the struggling Greek people to continue to have your moral assistance and your most valuable support, for which we are very grateful.

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Speaking of Survival . . .

Bankers have tightened up on United States aircraft industry's credit.

A five-year-plan of military-aircraft procurement is essential to enable the industry to survive. – *From a précis of assertions made by US aircraft-industry spokesmen, as reported by the New York* Herald Tribune.

New Angle

Observers believe that one of the reasons for the $400 million Greek-Turkish loan is to raise the budget so that Democrats in 1948 might be able to insist Republicans, in control of Congress, did not make promised budget cuts. – *From the Chicago* Tribune.

Blackball

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Up the Rebels!

The Republican majority is making a meritorious record, but it could not possibly pass the labor and tax bills or cut the budget if it were not for the help of that staunch group of patriotic and courageous Senators from the Democratic Party of the South. – *From David Lawrence's column.*

To Each His Own

All of her life [Evalyn Walsh] McLean tried to please others. Sometimes it was by giving a $50,000 party for Washington society. Once it was by providing a waterjug for people she saw waiting in the sun for buses. – *From the Detroit* Free Press.

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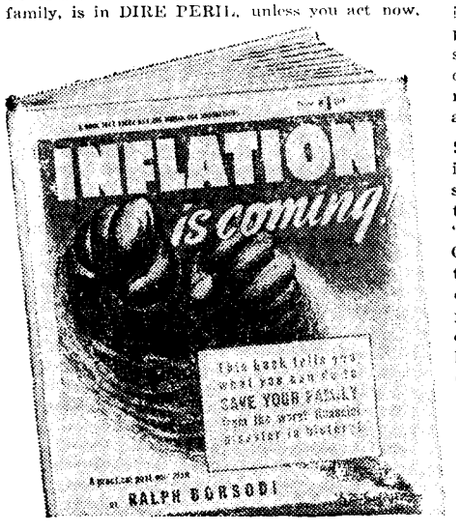

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